HAUNTED MAGAZINE

#dontbenormal - be PARANORMAL!

ISSUE 15

JACK THE RIPPER

- THE SEANCE OF THE RIPPER
- THE SECRET IDENTITY OF JACK THE RIPPER
- THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS
- HAS DNA FINALLY NAILED JACK THE RIPPER?

ESSENTIAL KIT

THE GHOST ARK:
CAN A STATE OF THE ART HAND HELD DEVICE REALLY DETECT THE PRESENCE OF GHOSTS?



FEATURING:

- DON'T CROSS THE STREAMS!
 IN SEARCH OF LONDON'S LOST RIVERS
- COULD LIVE GHOST HUNTING ON SOCIAL MEDIA CHANGE THE PARANORMAL WORLD FOREVER?

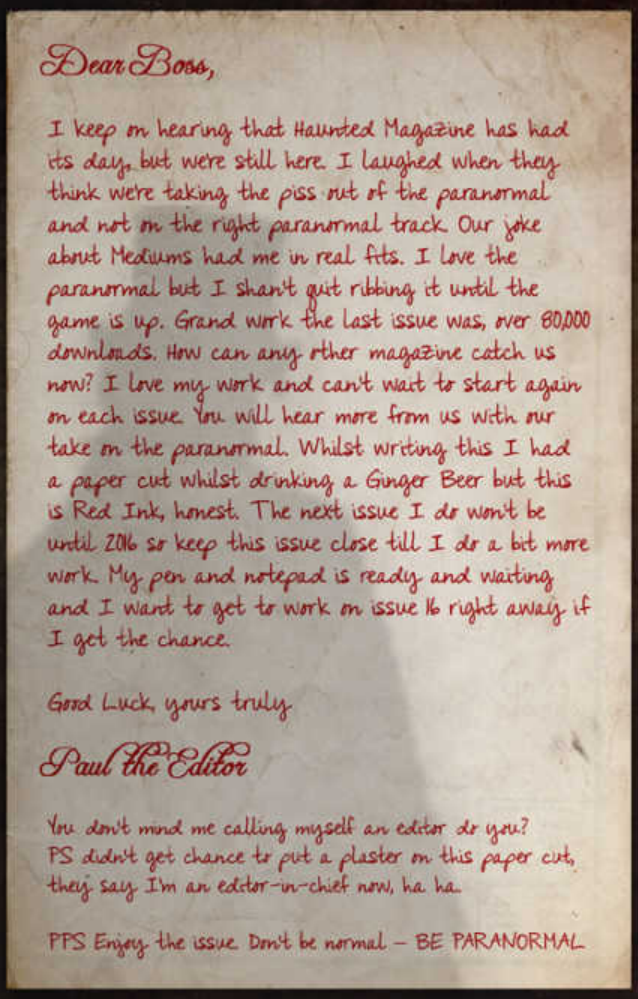
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS

- URI GELLER
 THAT SPOON BENDING FELLA!
- ELIJAH WOOD
 "YES I BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!"

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"ONE DAY MEN WILL LOOK BACK AND SAY I GAVE BIRTH TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY"


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Dear Boss,

I keep on hearing that Haunted Magazine has had its day, but were still here. I laughed when they think were taking the piss out of the paranormal and not on the right paranormal track. Our joke about Mediums had me in real fits. I love the paranormal but I shan't quit ribbing it until the game is up. Grand work the last issue was, over 80,000 downloads. How can any other magazine catch us now? I love my work and can't wait to start again on each issue. You will hear more from us with our take on the paranormal. Whilst writing this I had a paper cut whilst drinking a Ginger Beer but this is Red Ink, honest. The next issue I do won't be until 2016 so keep this issue close till I do a bit more work. My pen and notepad is ready and waiting and I want to get to work on issue 16 right away if I get the chance.

Good Luck, yours truly

Paul the Editor

You don't mind me calling myself an editor do you? PS didn't get chance to put a plaster on this paper cut, they say I'm an editor-in-chief now, ha ha.

PPS Enjoy the issue. Don't be normal – BE PARANORMAL

Editor in Chief

Paul Stevenson

paul@deadgoodpublishing.com

Twitter: @hauntedmagazine

Art Direction & Design

Andy Soar

andy@deadgoodpublishing.com

Twitter: @haunteddigital

Special Photography

Paul Mclean

Writing Talent:

John Bowen, CL Raven, Mike Covell, E.O. Higgins, Emma Garvican, Richard Jones, 3 Girls in the Dark, Lee Roberts, Philip Solomon, Russell Edwards and R.L. Andrew

Special Thanks

Elijah Wood, Uri Geller, Arfon Jones and of course Jack T Ripper (whoever you are)

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WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE

A VICTORIAN GHOST STORY FROM A "JACK THE RIPPER" SUSPECT



Mike Covell, a local historian and Ripperologist with an interest in the paranormal investigates an historical ghost story from Hull that was passed on by a suspect in the "Jack the Ripper" case.

Victorian Literature is full of weird and wonderful tales, usually involving adventure and the unknown; after all it provided great entertainment and escapism from the everyday lives of the reader. Books would be read at family gatherings or social events and stories would be regaled over dinner. Without a doubt the Victorian period was a haven for fantastic works by wonderful authors that stretched the imagination and entertained the masses. One story that should be of intrest to any student of Ripperology or the Paranormal is "Dead or Alive" by Robert D'Onston Stephenson, under his pen name Roslyn D'Onston. Many people have said that Ripperology and the Paranormal should be separate fields, but when studying Stephenson, it is hard to keep the two fields apart. The story first appeared in print in the "Review of Reviews, New Year's Extra Number" way back in 1892. Many, including myself have used this story as a starting point in investigating Robert D'Onston Stephenson as it includes several verifiable facts about his life. The full text of Stephenson's story reads:

Dead or Alive, Review of Reviews 1892. (New Year's Extra Number). Mr. R. D'Onston sends me the following communication: 'To those instances in Real Ghost Stories of ghosts who have kept promises made in life to appear to those dear to them, may I add my own experience? The incident occurred to me some years ago, and all the details can be substantiated. The date was August 26th, 1867, at midnight. I was then residing in the neighbourhood of Hull, and held an appointment under the Crown which necessitated my repairing thither every day for a few hours' duty. My berth was almost a sinecure; and I had been for some time engaged to a young North-country heiress, it being understood that on our marriage I should take her name and "stand for the county", or rather for one of its divisions. 'For her sake I had to break off a love affair, not of the most reputable order, with a girl in Hull. I will call her Louise. She was young, beautiful, and devoted to me. On the night of the 26th August we took our last walk together, and a few minutes before midnight paused on a wooden bridge running across a kind of canal, locally termed the "drain". We paused on the bridge, listening to the swirling current against the wooden piles and waiting for the stroke of midnight to part forever. In the few minutes' interval she repeated, sotto voce, Longfellow's Bridge, the words of which, "I stood on the bridge at midnight", seemed terribly appropriate. After nearly twenty-five years I can never hear that piece repeated without feeling a deathly chill and the whole scene of two souls in agony again rising before me. Well! midnight struck, and we parted; but Louise said: "Grant me one favour, the only one that I shall ever ask you on this earth, promise to meet me here twelve months to-night at this same hour." I demurred at first, thinking it would be bad for both of us, and only re-open partially healed wounds. At last, however, I consented, saying: "Well, I will come if I am alive!" but she said, "Say alive or dead!" I said, "Very well then, we will meet, dead or alive." 'The next year I was on the spot a few minutes before the time; and, punctual to the stroke of midnight, Louise arrived. By this time, I had begun to regret the arrangement I had made; but it was of too solemn a nature to be put aside. I therefore kept the appointment, but said that I did not care to renew the compact. Louise, however, persuaded me to renew it for one more year, and I consented, much against my will; and we again left each other repeating the same formula, "Dead or alive". 'The next year after that passed rapidly for me until the first week in July, when I was shot dangerously in the thigh by a fisherman named Thomas Piles, of Hull, a reputed smuggler. A party of four of us had hired his 10 ton yawl to go yachting round the Yorkshire coast, and amuse ourselves by shooting sea-birds amongst the millions of them at Flamborough Head. The third or fourth day out I was shot in the right thigh by the skipper Piles; and the day after, one and a quarter ounce of No.2 shot were cut there from by the coastguard surgeon at Bridlington Quay (whose name I forget for the moment), assisted by Dr. Alexander Mackay, at the Black Lion Hotel. The affair was in all the papers at the time, about a column of it appearing in the Eastern Morning News, of Hull. 'As soon as I was able to be removed (two or three weeks) I was taken home, where Dr. Kelburne King, of Hull, attended me. The day - and the night - (the 26th August) came. I was then unable to walk without crutches, and that for only a short distance, so had to be wheeled about in a Bath chair. The distance to the trysting being rather long, and the time and circumstances being very peculiar, I did not avail myself of the services of my usual attendant, but specially retained an old servant of the family, who frequently did confidential commissions for me, and who knew Miss Louise well. We set forth "without beat of drum", and arrived at the bridge about a few minutes to midnight. I remember that it was a brilliant starlight night, but I do not think that there was any moon, at all events, at that hour. "Old Bob", as he was always affectionately called, wheeled me to the bridge, helped me out of the Bath chair, and gave me my crutch. I walked on to the bridge, and leaned my back against the white painted top rail, then lighted my briar-root, and had a comfortable smoke. 'I was very much annoyed that I had allowed myself to be persuaded to come a second time, and determined to tell "Louise" positively that this should be the last meeting. Besides, now, I did not consider it fair to Miss K., with whom I was again negotiating, en rapport to a certain extent. So, if anything, it was in rather a sulky frame of mind that I awaited Louise. Just as the quarters before the hour began to chime I distinctly heard the "clink, clink" of the little brass heels, which she always wore, sounding on the long flagged causeway, leading for 200 yards up to the bridge. As she got nearer I could see her pass lamp after lamp in rapid succession, while the strokes of the large clock at Hull resounded through the still night. 'At last the patter, patter of the tiny feet sounded on the woodwork of the bridge, and I saw her distinctly pass under the lamp at the farther end - it was only twenty yards wide, and I stood under the lamp at my side. When she got close to me I saw that she had neither hat nor cape on, and concluded that she had taken a cab to the farther end of the flagged causeway, and (it being a very warm night) had left her wraps in the cab, and for purposes of effect had come the short distance in evening dress. "Clink, clink" went the brass heels, and she seemed about passing me, when I, suddenly urged by an impulse of affection, stretched out my arms to receive her. She passed through them, intangible, impalpable, and as she looked at me I distinctly saw her lips move, and form the words, "Dead or alive". I even heard the words, but not with my outward ears, with something else, some other sense - what, I know not. I felt startled, surprised, but not afraid, until a moment afterwards, when I felt, but could not see,



some other presence following her. I could feel, though I could not hear, the heavy, clumsy "thud" of feet following her; and my blood seemed turned to ice. Recovering myself with an effort, I shouted out to "Old Bob" who was safely ensconced with the Bath chair in a nook out of sight round the corner. "Bob, who passed you just now?" In an instant the old Yorkshireman was by side. "Ne'er a one passed me, sir!" "Nonsense, Bob," I replied, "I told you that I was coming to meet Miss Louise, and she just passed me on the bridge, and must have passed you, because there's nowhere else she could go! You don't mean to tell me you didn't see her?" The old man replied solemnly, "Maister Ros, there's something uncanny aboot it. I heerd her come on the bridge, and off it, I'd knaw them clicketty heels onywhere; but I'm dommed, sir, if she passed me. I'm thinking we'd better gang." And "gang" we did; and it was the small hours of the morning (getting daylight) before we left off talking over the affair, and went to bed. 'The next day I made inquiries from Louise's family about her, and ascertained that she had died in Liverpool three months previously, being apparently delirious for a few hours before her death, and our parting compact evidently weighing on her mind, as she kept repeating "Dead or Alive! Shall I be there?" to the utter bewilderment of her friends, who could not divine her meaning, being of course entirely unaware of our agreement.'

Note; For simplicity we shall call this version "Dead or Alive 1"

By 1897 William T. Stead released the collections of ghost stories from Christmas and New Year Review of Reviews 1891 and 1892. It was the first time the collection had been made available as Real Ghost Stories and More Real Ghost Stories had been available for some time, with the new collection simply entitled Real Ghost Stories. A later edition was also published by Estelle Stead, William's daughter, in 1921, but Estelle had commentary on some stories and removed others. The version contained within Real Ghost Stories was exactly the same as the original version featured in Review of Reviews 1892. (New Year's Extra Number). By October 1909 the first edition of Rev. Charles Tweedale's book Man's Survival after Death Vol 1 was published by the Psychic Book Club. In the book Tweedale introduces the work of Mr. R. D'Onston, and states that the story was passed along from Miss Estelle Stead. The story that Tweedale publishes is a word for word reprint of the "Dead or Alive" story carried in the Review of Reviews. Tweedale makes no attempt to analyze the story, he just presents it has evidence that there is life after death and that on occasion those that have passed return to carry out unfinished business. He does mention that the story came from Miss Estelle Stead, daughter of William T Stead and it was William T Stead who created the Review of Reviews in 1890, and published the "Dead or Alive" story in the 1892 edition we see above. By the 1920's Hereward Carrington released Phantasms of the Dead or True Ghost Stories, a collection of ghost stories and tales of the supernatural and published by American Universities Publishing Company. The book featured Stephenson's "Dead or Alive" story in chapter More Phantasms of the Dead II on page 128. Carrington features the original story, word for word, as featured in Review of Reviews 1892. (New Year's Extra Number) and states that he got the story from William T. Stead's Real Ghost Stories. Carrington introduces the story with a note stating, In the following case the ghost kept its promise to appear- doing

so, to all appearances, in spite of great obstacles. By the 1930's Crime Write and newspaper reporter Bernard O'Donnell had been collecting information on a project that we have become to know as the O'Donnell Manuscript, which looks at the alleged Black Magic aspects of the murders. In the manuscript O'Donnell publishes a different version of the story. This version is one which was related to him by Vittoria Cremers after O'Donnell was introduced to Cremers on her birthday in 1935.

"As a young man, D'Onston held a commission in the army. He came from a fairly well off yeoman family, and it was generally understood that he would marry the daughter of a wealthy neighbouring family who was very much in love with him. However, on one of his jaunts to town with some of his brother officers he met a woman of the streets named Ada. He began to visit her regularly, fell in love with her and Gissing-like, determined to marry her, and take her away from her miserable life. Understandably, his family was appalled. His father cut off his allowance. Always a gambler, D'Onston lost a lot of money at the tables one night and, unable to pay his debts was forced to seek his father's help. His father agreed to discharge those debts, on one condition- he undertook to end his association with Ada and marry the heiress. Reluctantly, D'Onston agreed. And so D'Onston and Ada parted, but not before they had made a solemn pledge that whatever happened, dead or alive, they would meet at midnight on the anniversary of their parting at the place where they had first met - the middle of Westminster Bridge. Then- tragedy. Within half an hour of D'Onston's departure, Ada walked to Westminster Bridge and threw herself into the river. True to his vow, D'Onston kept his tryst with the dead woman on Westminster Bridge. He leant over the parapet where Ada flung herself to her death twelve months before. As the chimes of Big Ben sounded, he heard click clack of heels coming towards him. He saw nothing, no one, but he knew that Ada, too had kept her promise"

Note; We shall call this "Dead or Alive 2"

Dissecting "Dead or Alive 1"

Now let us look at the writings of Stephenson, concentrating on each section,

Mr. R. D'Onston sends me the following communication: 'To those instances in Real Ghost Stories of ghosts who have kept promises made in life to appear to those dear to them, may I add my own experience? The incident occurred to me some years ago, and all the details can be substantiated. The date was August 26th, 1867, at midnight. I was then residing in the neighbourhood of Hull, and held an appointment under the Crown which necessitated my repairing thither every day for a few hours' duty. My berth was almost a sinecure; and I had been for some time engaged to a young North-country heiress, it being understood that on our marriage I should take her name and "stand for the county", or rather for one of its divisions.

It was during this period that Stephenson was employed as a "Clerk" at the Hull Custom's House, Whitefriargate, Hull. A position that required the staff to work from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. There is however no proof of the North Country Heiress, in fact Stephenson married his Brother Richard's servant Anne Deary!

'For her sake I had to break off a love affair, not of the most reputable order, with a girl in Hull. I will call her Louise. She was young, beautiful, and devoted to me.

So is her name Ada or Louise? We must assume her actual name is Ada, as this is the name he gave to her when recounting the story to Mabel Collins, who had recounted the story to Vittoria Cremers, who in turn had recounted it to Bernard O'Donnell. That, coupled with the fact that Stephenson states "I will call her Louise" indicating that it is not her real name. That said, the name Ada could be fictitious too as all we have is the recollections of Collins, Cremers and O'Donnell, which was recounted many years after the fact.

On the night of the 26th August we took our last walk together, and a few minutes before midnight paused on a wooden bridge running across a kind of canal, locally termed the "drain". We paused on the bridge, listening to the swirling current against the wooden piles and waiting for the stroke of midnight to part forever.

In Kingston upon Hull we have several of these "drains" the closest to Stephenson's home at that moment in time was situated just 15 minutes West at about a distance of 1,000 feet. In fact, if one was to stand at the rear of the site of Willows House, 60 Church Street, they would have seen the bridge over the drain.

These drains were created to channel runoff water from Kingston upon Hull and surrounding areas into the River Hull, and many of these exist today, and although the water runs fast, it is actually very rare to hear the "swirling current against the wooden piles", however, it is also difficult to review just what the drains were like back then and recent research by myself in the summer of 2009 showed that wooden piles did exist on at least one of the Barmston Drain bridges. The peel of the bells at midnight still take place, from the City Centre of Kingston upon Hull, but during this period, there were many more churches, the closest to this spot being St. Silas, on Barmston Street but this presents us with another problem. The church was not commissioned until 1869, and not consecrated until 1871, several years after the proposed event. It is quite possible that Stephenson heard the bells of St Mary's, Lowgate in the town centre, or the bells of the old town hall. St Mary's church, where Stephenson was christened, stood north of this bridge on the corner of Air-street and Wincolmlee but it is unclear whether any of these locations had bells during this period.

In the few minutes' interval she repeated, sotto voce, Longfellow's Bridge, the words of which, "I stood on the bridge at midnight", seemed terribly appropriate. After nearly twenty-five years I can never hear that piece repeated without feeling a deathly chill and the whole scene of two souls in agony again

rising before me. The reference to "The Bridge" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow contains the following excerpt, "I stood on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the moon rose o'er the city, Behind the dark church-tower."

This is undoubtedly what Stephenson is referring to when he mentions the poem, which is interesting and which will become pertinent later.

Well! midnight struck, and we parted; but Louise said: "Grant me one favour, the only one that I shall ever ask you on this earth, promise to meet me here twelve months to-night at this same hour." I demurred at first, thinking it would be bad for both of us, and only re-open partially healed wounds. At last, however, I consented, saying: "Well, I will come if I am alive!" but she said, "Say alive or dead!" I said, "Very well then, we will meet, dead or alive."

This is interesting due to the fact it is very similar to a quote from "The Lovers of Porthangwartha" which predates Stephenson's encounter with the foreword to the 3rd edition being written in March 1881. The poem states,

"In this cove the lovers met for the last time in life, and vowed under the light of the full moon, that living or dead they would meet at the end of three years." This is almost the same as, "I consented, saying: "Well, I will come if I am alive!" but she said, "Say alive or dead!" I said, "Very well then, we will meet, dead or alive."

The poem is part of a series of Myth's Legends and Ghost stories from the Cornwall area of Britain, and is entitled, "Popular Romances of the West of Britain"

'The next year I was on the spot a few minutes before the time; and, punctual to the stroke of midnight, Louise arrived. By this time, I had begun to regret the arrangement I had made; but it was of too solemn a nature to be put aside. I therefore kept the appointment, but said that I did not care to renew the compact. Louise, however, persuaded me to renew it for one more year, and I consented, much against my will; and we again left each other repeating the same formula, "Dead or alive".

Now the first paragraph of the "Dead or Alive" story mentions,

"The incident occurred to me some years ago, and all the details can be substantiated. The date was August 26th, 1867, at midnight."

One year later gives us August 26th 1868, and we know from several newspaper reports, that Stephenson was shot in the leg aboard a Smack in the North Sea off the coast of Flamborough and Bridlington. Now if this is a known fact that appeared in the press! So Stephenson claims the wrong year for his shooting, is this mistake on his part, or is it something else? Is this evidence of Stephenson lying about the facts to create a good story, and how could he be silly enough to mention the newspaper report in the story?

'The next year after that passed rapidly for me until the first week in July, when I was shot dangerously in the thigh by a fisherman named Thomas Piles, of Hull, a reputed smuggler. A party of four of us had hired his 10 ton yawl to go yachting round the Yorkshire coast, and amuse ourselves by shooting sea-birds amongst the millions of them at Flamborough Head. The third or fourth day out I was shot in the right thigh by the skipper Piles; and the day after, one and a quarter ounce of No.2 shot were cut there from by the coastguard surgeon at Bridlington Quay (whose name I forget for the moment), assisted by Dr. Alexander Mackay, at the Black Lion Hotel. The affair was in all the papers at the time, about a column of it appearing in the Eastern Morning News, of Hull. See the chapter "Dissecting the incident at Flamborough Head," for details on this. 'As soon as I was able to be removed (two or three weeks) I was taken home, where Dr. Kelburne King, of Hull, attended me. The day - and the night - (the 26th August) came. I was then unable to walk without crutches, and that for only a short distance, so had to be wheeled about in a Bath chair. The distance to the trysting being rather long, and the time and circumstances being very peculiar, I did not avail myself of the services of my usual attendant, but specially retained an old servant of the family, who frequently did confidential commissions for me, and who knew Miss Louise well.

Up until this point we know of only a handful of servants that the family used at their property Willows House.

We set forth "without beat of drum", and arrived at the bridge about a few minutes to midnight. I remember that it was a brilliant starlight night, but I do not think that there was any moon, at all events, at that hour. "Old Bob", as he was always affectionately called, wheeled me to the bridge, helped me out of the Bath chair, and gave me my crutch. I walked on to the bridge, and leaned my back against the white painted top rail, then lighted my briar-root, and had a comfortable smoke.

Another verifiable fact:

'I was very much annoyed that I had allowed myself to be persuaded to come a second time, and determined to tell "Louise" positively that this should be the last meeting. Besides, now, I did not consider it fair to Miss K., with whom I was again negotiating, en rapport to a certain extent.

So far all traces to find a "Miss. K, a "North Country Heiresses, and it is possible that Stephenson was already involved in a relationship with Anne Deary, his Brothers Servant! After all she was quick to jump to his aid in 1863.

So, if anything, it was in rather a sulky frame of mind that I awaited Louise. Just as the quarters before the hour began to chime I distinctly heard the "clink, clink" of the little brass heels, which she always wore, sounding on the long flagged causeway, leading for 200 yards up to the bridge. As she got nearer I could see her pass lamp after lamp in rapid succession, while the strokes of the large clock at Hull resounded through the still night. 'At last the patter, patter of the tiny feet sounded on the woodwork of the bridge, and I saw her distinctly pass under the lamp at the farther end



- it was only twenty yards wide, and I stood under the lamp at my side. When she got close to me I saw that she had neither hat nor cape on, and concluded that she had taken a cab to the farther end of the flagged causeway, and (it being a very warm night) had left her wraps in the cab, and for purposes of effect had come the short distance in evening dress. "Clink, clink" went the brass heels, and she seemed about passing me, when I, suddenly urged by an impulse of affection, stretched out my arms to receive her. She passed through them, intangible, impalpable, and as she looked at me I distinctly saw her lips move, and form the words, "Dead or alive". I even heard the words, but not with my outward ears, with something else, some other sense - what, I know not.

This is a typical paranormal apparition and is known as a "Crisis Apparition" in which a spirit, returns to finish off what he or she failed to do in life. Crisis Apparitions usually have a close emotional tie to the viewer. Another possible suggestion is that of an Apparition of the Dead, which is again, someone who has had an emotional tie to the viewer. This apparition is said to have died recently and wishes to return to pass information across to a loved one.

I felt startled, surprised, but not afraid, until a moment afterwards, when I felt, but could not see, some other presence following her. I could feel, though I could not hear, the heavy, clumsy "thud" of feet following her; and my blood seemed turned to ice. Recovering myself with an effort, I shouted out to "Old Bob" who was safely ensconced with the Bath chair in a nook out of sight round the corner. "Bob, who passed you just now?" In an instant the old Yorkshireman was by side. "Ne'er a one passed me, sir!" "Nonsense, Bob," I replied, "I told you that I was coming to meet Miss Louise, and she just passed me on the bridge, and must have passed you, because there's nowhere else she could go! You don't mean to tell me you didn't see her?" The old man replied solemnly, "Maister Ros, there's something uncanny aboot it. I heerd her come on the bridge, and off it, I'd knaw them clicketty heels onywhere; but I'm dommed, sir, if she passed me. I'm thinking we'd better gang." And "gang" we did; and it was the small hours of the morning (getting daylight) before we left off talking over the affair, and went to bed. 'The next day I made inquiries from Louise's family about her, and ascertained that she had died in Liverpool three months previously, being apparently delirious for a few hours before her death, and our parting compact evidently weighing on her mind, as she kept repeating "Dead or Alive! Shall I be there?" to the utter bewilderment of her friends, who could not divine her meaning, being of course entirely unaware of our agreement.'

There is another version of the story, albeit a little more modern, which takes the "Liverpool" element and creates its own story based on the same premise.

Dissecting Dead or Alive 2

"As a young man, D'Onston held a commission in the army. He came from a fairly well off yeoman family, and it was generally understood that he would marry the daughter of a wealthy neighbouring family who was very much in love with him. However, on one of his jaunts to town with some of his brother officers he met a woman of the streets named Ada.

Now if this account is true, we have Robert D'Onston Stephenson being involved with two separate ladies of the night, both of which had died, as a result of him!! One having pneumonia

and one throwing herself off a bridge! Stephenson's name only appeared on the Muster Rolls of the Bishopgate Institute, there is no evidence to suggest he actually left the British Isles, and further more no evidence to suggest he actually fought.

Another interesting point is the change of the lover, her name now appearing as Ada, and no longer Louise as featured in "Dead or Alive 1".

He began to visit her regularly, fell in love with her and Gissing-like, determined to marry her, and take her away from her miserable life. Understandably, his family was appalled. His father cut off his allowance. Always a gambler, D'Onston lost a lot of money at the tables one night and, unable to pay his debts was forced to seek his father's help. His father agreed to discharge those debts, on one condition- he undertook to end his association with Ada and marry the heiress. Reluctantly, D'Onston agreed.

Again we have a fascinating story regarding Stephenson's proposed marriage to an Heiress, yet we know that he married his brother's servant Anne Deary! Another interesting factor is how Stephenson had money for his gambling, if we are to believe this story he was enrolled in the Army, the muster rolls date from 1859, and as far as can be ascertained Stephenson had no job prior to this. Even as a clerk of the HM Customs, Stephenson would not have had a great wage, to gamble with. His liaisons with Deary could have begun as far back as 1863, when she came to his aid at the Customs House in Hull.

And so D'Onston and Ada parted, but not before they had made a solemn pledge that whatever happened, dead or alive, they would meet at midnight on the anniversary of their parting at the place where they had first met - the middle of Westminster Bridge. Then- tragedy. Within half an hour of D'Onston's departure, Ada walked to Westminster Bridge and threw herself into the river.

Now the location has changed from Hull to London, a suitable replacement bridge is needed, so we have Westminster Bridge, which spanned the River Thames.

True to his vow, D'Onston kept his tryst with the dead woman on Westminster Bridge. He leant over the parapet where Ada flung herself to her death twelve months before. As the chimes of Big Ben sounded, he heard click clack of heels coming towards him. He saw nothing, no one, but he knew that Ada, too had kept her promise"

Dead or Alive- A Paranormal view

As a local historian with an interest in paranormal investigation, I have had numerous experiences with groups and individuals on paranormal investigations, as well as experiences that I have encountered with my wife, friends, and family. Whilst most investigations proved fruitless, some offered a tantalizing look into the other side, and often left the witness, electrical fixtures and equipment reeling, and mysteries that needed solving. These ranged from alleged poltergeist activity to alleged hauntings by what many would call ghosts, a number of sightings also occurred, but little hard core proof was gained. Light anomalies which where present on film and photographs could have been nothing more than dust or insects, shadows seen during the investigations could have been the mind playing tricks, and the power of the mind, and its ability to fill in the blanks also played a factor. On more than one occasion I, along with my wife and friends, heard footsteps in an empty building, doors opening and closing on their own, and objects, such as heavy chairs, moving on their own with no visible force. A recent study by Durham University investigated the link between hallucinations and caffeine intake and discovered that people who drank more than 7 cups of coffee a day where more likely to hallucinate and hear voices, mistaking them for a paranormal



occurrence. The research also looked into hallucinations connected with other stimulants such as tea, chocolate and products containing excessive amounts of caffeine. The research also examined childhood trauma and stress, which was also said to affect the hallucinations had by the test subject. Stimulants that could well trigger hallucinations also include tobacco, nicotine, prescription medicines and illegal drugs and it should be noted, at least from personal observations made over years of paranormal investigations, most groups take flasks of coffee, and energy drinks to keep them alert during the night. One of the side effects of prolonged stimulant abuse is the loss of appetite, a condition that Robert D'Onston Stephenson was said to suffer, and was witnessed by Vittoria Cremers. George Marsh and Inspector Thomas Roots had also discussed Robert D'Onston Stephenson's alleged drug use and alcohol addictions, whilst Stephenson even wrote in the "Dead or Alive" story that he had stopped to smoke his pipe



on the bridge. The experience that Robert D'Onston Stephenson claims to have had, whilst it has been reported elsewhere, it is a rarity. Stephenson reported several paranormal events whilst he stood on the bridge, these are,

The lamps going out as "Louise" passed them,

The apparition of "Louise"

The sound of the footsteps approaching,

The voice of "Louise"

We shall look at these individually.

The lamps going out as "Louise" passed them,

Apparitions causing lights to go out is common place, it is suggested that spirit can draw energy from electricity, but these were gas lamps, and while spirit is known to be able to affect flame, it is usually done to make the flame flicker, grow or extinguish. Never to extinguish and re-ignite! (Gas lamps in Sculcoates)

The apparition of "Louise"

Seeing an apparition is pretty common, although scientists, paranormal investigators and sceptics are unsure what these are, but what did Stephenson see? He claims he could make out "Louise" and what she was wearing, yet there were no other witnesses to the event. Could Stephenson, in a moment of excitement imagined "Louise" on the bridge approaching? Could it be possible that Stephenson had a form of Clairvoyance? Clairvoyance means "Seeing clear" and is a trait attributed to psychics and mediums. The term was coined in the 17th century and during the Spiritualist movement it was a much witnessed and debated phenomena. Within the field of Clairvoyance is claircognizance, which is to know something is about to happen, almost like extra sensory perception. Did Stephenson know that "Louise" was dead, and witnessed her apparition? It is impossible to tell, but what is puzzling is this, if Stephenson had such a gift, how come a man who wrote so much on the unexplained never mentioned this? In an age of spiritualism he could have made money from this gift, but this apparently never happened. Could it be, that in a state of excitement and anticipation, Stephenson created a "Thought form"? A Thought form is allegedly the manifestation of mental energy that can take the form of whatever the creator is thinking about. Annie Besant, the Theosophist and woman's rights activist, wrote a book with fellow theosophist Charles W Leadbeater based on the idea of creating images through thought. Thought Forms, was released in 1901, and was based around the idea that thoughts have two effects, "a radiating vibration and a floating form". Besant and Leadbeater divided their thought forms into three different classes,

That which takes the image of the thinker.

That which takes the image of some material object.

That which takes a form entirely its own, expressing its inherent qualities in the matter which it draws round it.

In the 1970's, Canadian parapsychologists at the Toronto Society for Psychical Research, under the direction of A. R. G. Owen and Iris Owen, created a fictional person named "Philip." The team, who had no psychic powers, created a story about a 16 year old boy called Philip Aylesford, giving him a date of birth, and creating stories of Civil War Battles, friendships with King Charles II, and a love affair with a gypsy girl. The affair was discovered, and the gypsy girl was burned at the stake for witchcraft, leaving Philip alone and hurting, with him taking his own life in 1654. The group gathered regularly from September 1972 to hold sittings to make contact with Philip, but for several months nothing happened. Eventually table tipping was attempted, and Philip made contact, sometimes moving the table, on other occasions tapping in response to questions. It should be again pointed out that Philip did not exist, he

was a fictional creation, not a real person, yet here he was making contact. Soon the created details began slipping out to the group, with the group catching the table moving on video tape in 1974. They had created their own thought form. Could it be that Stephenson experienced a thought form, based on his eagerness to see Louise once again?

The sound of the footsteps approaching,

Audible phenomena are pretty common during paranormal investigations and what Stephenson describes are the footsteps of "Louise" on the bridge. A sound he had heard the two previous years and was obviously familiar with. It is also worth noting that there was no other witness to the event, but more telling is that the encounter took place on a wooden bridge over a drain. Could Stephenson have heard what he thought were footsteps? Whilst this is possible, it is difficult to rule out as Stephenson had apparently encountered related phenomena at the same time. So the question stands, did Stephenson have a paranormal encounter, was it natural sounds on the bridge, such as the water's hitting the wooden piles, or was it a fictional piece?

The voice of "Louise"

Robert D'Onston Stephenson describes "Hearing the voice inside" which a familiar attribute to a psychic condition known as "Clairaudience" which means "Clear Hearing". It is alleged that people gifted with mediumistic abilities can hear the dead speak to them. There are two types of Clairaudience, which we shall look at closer. Subjective Clairaudience is the hearing of voices and noises internally. Objective Clairaudience is the hearing of the voices and noises externally. Stephenson claims he had a Subjective Clairaudience experience, has "old Bob" never heard the voice, which although pretty common, is puzzling. Why did he never mention he had this "Gift"? A man with his ability to "Spin a yarn" could have made a fortune in the age of spiritualism. Or did Stephenson create this aspect to make the story more exciting? As no other events were recorded, it is possible that it was created by Stephenson to further make the story exciting.

So what about the Ripper connection?

In the Autumn of 1888 Robert D'Onston Stephenson was in the Royal London Hospital, in Whitechapel, when the murders occurred. He wrote letters to the police and the press and discussed the case with people such as George Marsh, an out of work ironmonger, who believed he was "Jack the Ripper."

He certainly was an interesting man, and his story has inspired me so much that I took a visit to the bridges over the Barmston Drain to conduct a paranormal investigation, but that, as they say, is another story.



MIKE COVELL is a local historian, born, bred and based in Kingston upon Hull. He has had an interest in the paranormal since he was eight years old and has spent years collecting stories on all aspects of the unexplained. He has appeared in and advised on BBC Radio Humberside, BBC Look North, ITV Calendar, Rippercast Podcast, Ripper Radio, Ripperologist Magazine, Casebook Examiner, Hull Daily Mail, Hull Advertiser, Beverley Guardian, Cottingham Times, Holderness Gazette, and many more. He recently advised on and appeared in Prime Suspect: Jack the Ripper, and in the latest series of Most Haunted. He is a published author with 9 books published and more on the way. He is currently contracted to advise on and appear in several Hollywood movies and television shows.



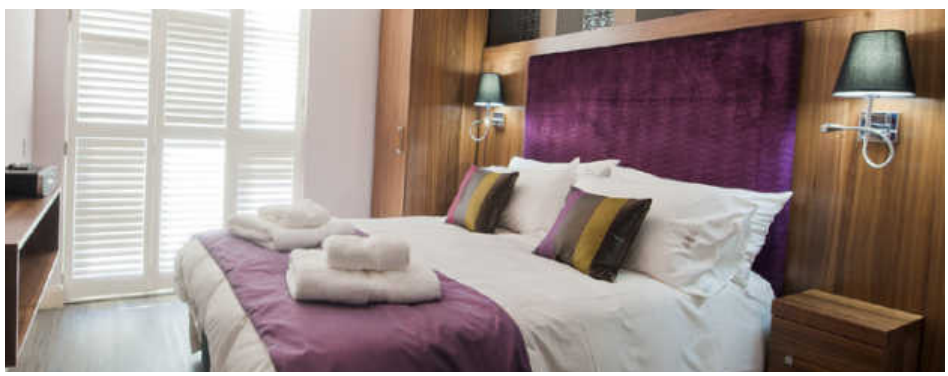
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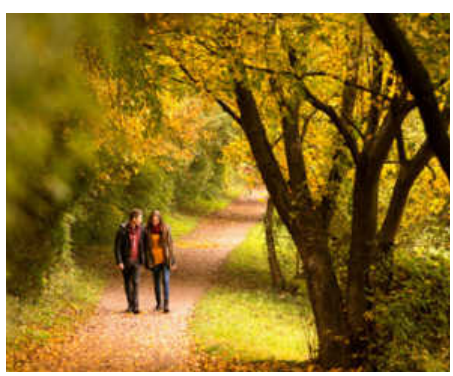
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DON'T CROSS THE STREAMS

THE SEARCH FOR LONDON'S LOST RIVERS







Dozens of rivers and canals were buried beneath London's streets more than a century ago but how do they look today? From the busy pedestrian striding above them to the fast car motoring along they will be unaware of what lies beneath them. To find traces of them you'll need to have a good ear, know where to look and visit some unlikely places.

Among the congested traffic of central London's St Pancras Road, around the corner from the glass and steel skyscrapers of the Euston Road, it is hard to imagine a river once ran through grassy fields.

"TODAY, IN MANY PARTS OF THE CITY YOU COULD BE STANDING WITHIN INCHES OF ONE OF ITS LOST RIVERS AND NOT EVEN REALISE IT."

But outside St Pancras Old Church is a plaque showing a sketch of people in that exact spot bathing on the banks of the Fleet in 1827. The river is one of many in London that was converted into a sewer as the capital's population grew.

"Wherever you live, not far from your doorstep, you can probably track down a hidden river you never would have guessed would be there," says Alex Werner, head of history collections at the Museum of London.

"It's a shame so many rivers were buried - today they would enhance the landscape," says Paul Talling, who has written a book on London's lost rivers. "But at the time it was necessary - in pre-Victorian times, they were used as open sewers."

The Fleet is probably one of the better known rivers that lies beneath Londoners' feet. Vestiges of it can be traced above ground by following a modest stream that flows from Hampstead and Highgate Ponds, in north London. But these days it is swiftly submerged, becoming a sewer that flows to Blackfriars Bridge on the River Thames.

Of all the ways to get in touch with London's history, sticking your nose in a sewer might not seem the most appealing. The River Fleet is one of at least five lost rivers that threaded through London until the mid-19th Century. Most were built over as the city expanded, disappearing below pavement or merging with the new Victorian-era sewage system. Today, they have taken on mythical status, watery ghosts whose presence is now often only marked by street names dating back to when the rivers were above ground.

If you find yourself desperate to find these missing rivers head to a manhole on Farringdon Road, the one with the funny smell and beneath the manhole well that's a different kettle of fish, smelly fish at that.

WHILE THE THAMES IS WELL KNOWN, AT LEAST FIVE WATERWAYS HAVE DISAPPEARED UNDER THE CITY'S PAVEMENT OVER TIME, BECOMING WATERY GHOSTS WHOSE RUMBLING WATERS CAN STILL BE HEARD.



Once you get over the smell, you began to appreciate the 150 year-old Victorian brickwork remains in a surprisingly preserved state.

"The atmospheric conditions are pretty constant so you don't need to do much maintenance on the brickwork," says Thames Water's field operations manager Daniel Brackley.

Heavy, rusty rings line the tunnel walls. "It's purely speculation but some people say the rings are from when people tied up barges against the river bank," he says.

London's rivers have been through massive transformation over the centuries.

"Back in the early days they were used for drinking and fishing," says Mr Talling. "The springs fed wells such as Clerkenwell, where the clerks of the parish would drink water."

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LOST RIVERS?

River Fleet - Became polluted as Smithfield butchers threw remains of dead animals into the river, and was eventually incorporated into the sewer system

River Tyburn - Flowing through Regents Park under Buckingham Palace, the river was once reputed to have some of London's best salmon fishing

River Walbrook - Its name is thought to derive from the fact the river ran under the Roman London Wall

River Westbourne - Remains of the river flow through a pipe running above Sloane Square Tube station

River Effra - Banks of the Oval cricket ground were built with earth excavated during the enclosing of the river

The Fleet was once a broad tidal basin, several hundred feet wide when it reached the Thames, but like many of London's other rivers, its flow greatly reduced as the city's population grew and it became an open sewer.

"The area became unpleasant and the land became cheap," Mr Talling says.

In fact, the Fleet's reputation for slum dwellings, crime and disease was such that Charles Dickens based Fagin's Den in Oliver Twist in the area it flowed through.

Following the Great Fire of London in 1666, the capital's rivers became integral to Christopher Wren's redevelopment plans for the city.

"The vision was to have canals with arch bridges like Venice," Mr Talling says. "But in reality, the sewage meant it just got clogged up."

DON'T CROSS THE STREAMS:
THE SEARCH FOR LONDON'S LOST RIVERS

Sections began to be covered and, following the Great Stink of 1858, were incorporated Joseph Bazalgette's designs for the sewer system that remains today.

The rivers may now be subterranean but their impact on London's landscape remains.

"You can see the shape created by the Fleet Valley on the Farringdon Road," says Mr Talling, who organises walking tours along some of the lost rivers' paths.

Meanwhile, borders between different parts of the capital owe much to its buried waterways.

"If you follow the course of the River Westbourne, one side of the road is Kensington & Chelsea, the other side is Westminster," Mr Talling says. "It's quite confusing for people parking cars."

The damming of the Westbourne was ordered by George II's wife Queen Caroline in 1730 to form the Serpentine and increase Hyde Park's aesthetic appeal.

"The Serpentine was expanded in the 18th Century to make the park look more beautiful," Mr Werner says.





"But the water from the Westbourne became too polluted, so in the end they had to pipe it under the park," says Mr Talling.

"Now the Serpentine is sourced by water from a pumping station by Chelsea Bridge and the ornamental waters in Kensington Gardens."

Elsewhere, in south London, the raised banks of the Oval cricket ground were built with earth excavated during the enclosing of the Effra.

"The river showed itself again and was responsible for flooding the cricket ground in the 1950s," says Mr Talling. "The rainfall became excessive and the torrent of the flood meant the sewers overflowed."

Back over the Thames, in central London, the River Walbrook dates back to Roman Londinium, with John Stow's 1598 Survey of London suggesting its name derives from the fact the brook passed by the city wall.

On a Saturday afternoon in September 1954, along the path of the river, what is widely regarded as the City of London's most famous Roman discovery of the 20th Century was made.

Welsh archaeologist Prof WF Grimes discovered a Roman temple devoted to god of light Mithras.

The discovery of the temple was in Grimes' own words "a fluke".

"Professor WF Grimes wasn't looking for a temple but rather wanted to learn about the Walbrook Valley and its stream," says Caroline McDonald, the Museum of London's senior curator of Roman history.

Now, after centuries of burying London's rivers, there is a campaign to restore one of them above ground.

The Tyburn Angling Society has gained publicity in recent years for its proposal to restore the River Tyburn - which originates in Hampstead, before flowing through Regent's Park then into the Thames at Pimlico - as a prime fishing stream.

The plans are ambitious to say the least. To come to full fruition, they would require destruction of billions of pounds worth of property including Buckingham Palace.

But the group's spokesman James Bowdidge still thinks it may one day happen.

"The proposal is very realistic, sustainability at its purest," he says. "With the support of the public and of landowners, we will bring wildlife, fishing and beauty into the heart of Mayfair."

So who knows, one day, when heading to the West End, you may well want to pack your waders and fishing rod.

And who knows, they may become a popular paranormal location in years to come.

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GHOUL BRITANNIA!

"Dressing up, falling over and booty shaking with mannequins. It could only be Calamityville Horror's Season 4 finale."



Our voyage to the SS Great Britain started well when Neen missed the junction off the M4. We discarded our directions and trusted the tourist signs and Neen's native Bristolian instincts. Calamityville favourites, Tom and Amy joined us. For some reason, they aren't embarrassed to be seen with us. In fact, Tom encourages our quest for Calamityville pants, but that's another story.



The *SS Great Britain* launched on 19th July 1843 with Prince Albert in attendance. Designed by Isambard Kingdom Brunel for the Great Western Steam Ship Company, she was intended to be a paddle steamer but due to her advance technology of screw propulsion, her engines were converted to power a 16 ft. iron propeller. At 100 metres long, she was the largest ship in the world. She was designed for the Trans-Atlantic luxury passenger trade but this wasn't financially successful so she was sold to Gibbs Bright & Co and became an emigrant carrier. Over 24 years, she made 32 trips to Australia, carrying 16,000 passengers, including the first English cricket team to contest the ashes.

After 1881, she transported Welsh coal to San Francisco but in 1886 was damaged in a storm. The Falklands Island Company used her as a floating warehouse for 47 years then she was towed out to Sparrow Cove, holed and sunk. In 1969, Naval architect Ewan Corlett rescued her. 127 years to the day of her launch, the *SS Great Britain* floated up Bristol docks by herself, welcomed by Prince Philip.

Our voyage was a ghostly one. The ship's most famous phantom is Captain John Gray, who was captain for 18 years. He once interrupted a voyage to claim the uninhabited island of St Martin for the Empire. In the 1870s, he suffered from kidney disease and depression. A few years before, his son died and his cousin was swept overboard to his death. On 26th November 1872, Captain Gray disappeared. A window in the ship's bow was open, despite being screwed shut in the night. Gray was never found. Some believe he committed suicide, others say he was murdered for his gold.



GHOUL BRITANNIA



The ship claimed other lives. A 13 year old boy fell from the rigging and died in front of his father. Mrs Cohen, a 17 year old bride died on board and was pickled in vinegar for her journey home. Passengers and the ship's doctor's steward were swept overboard and a German passenger vanished. Another passenger noted his disappearance in her diary. It was suspected he jumped overboard.

In 1992, a teenager on work experience saw a bearded man sitting on a beam in the ship's bowels. He had broad shoulders and wore a white collared shirt. It's believed to be Captain Gray. In 1999, a consultant heard footsteps descend into the Forward Hold. Workers saw a lady on the Promenade deck but she disappeared when they approached. During a wedding, a steward who'd worked on board for 23 years was standing beside the piano on the Promenade deck with another man, when it began to play. The lid was closed. A man who played Brunel during events heard footsteps behind him and doors opening and closing. He saw a woman and child in the Family Cabin and legs disappear into the State Room. In 2008, a member of staff reportedly saw a child's face in the steerage compartment.

A security guard witnessed doors moving, heard a door slamming in the captain's cabin and watched a locked door handle turn.

While Neen, Tom and Amy browsed the gift shop, we filmed information pieces by the ship. Then some twatapus hurled abuse at us as he walked past. Most of his grunts were unintelligible because these delightful humans never abuse us face to face, despite the fact we're only 5'1 and struggle staying upright in strong winds. Most professionals would've ignored his comments. Lynx: "Bite me. I don't want to waste my breath talking to you." She flipped him off. When he was halfway down the ship, he hollered "you're freaks of nature!" Cat: "You're the freak of nature, Wankenstein. This is going on YouTube!" Strangely, he fell silent. People on the ship above us enjoyed this impromptu performance. Thank god we weren't wearing our Calamityville t-shirts.

We visited the ship's hull in the dry dock, where Cat walked into the stair rail. The museum had a surprise – dressing up clothes! Children were amused as Amy, Neen and Cat donned fancy dresses while Lynx and Tom wore naval jackets and top hats. Cat tripped over her dress then stood on it and slid into a photo with Neen. We took the opportunity to do some formal dancing, copying moves we'd seen on *The Vampire Diaries*. We persuaded Tom to wear the dress Neen wore, and shoved a bonnet on his head. He looked better in the dress than we did and hasn't let us forget it.

We boarded the ship but decided against recreating the Titanic pose. We'd only fall off and die. We had to wait for people to stop having their photos taken at the ship's wheel before we could do a filming piece. Don't they know who we are? Oh right, no-one does. We headed down to the Promenade deck and loitered by the haunted piano but no ghosts bashed out a jaunty tune. Cat felt dizzy in a tiny cabin and attributed it to the sloped floor. There was a mannequin puking into a bowl and as the most travel sick member of our team, Lynx was forced to pose with her.



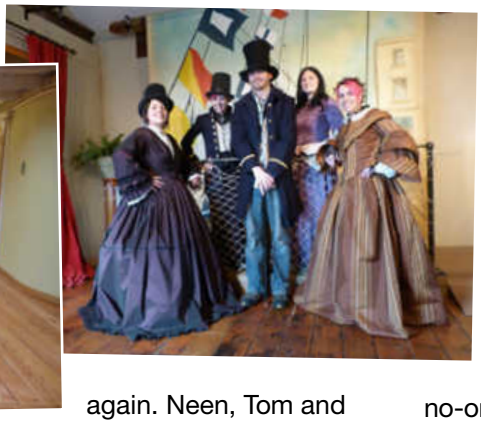
While Lynx, Tom and Amy were in the kitchen, Neen and Cat found a cabin with two bunks. Neen: "how can anyone fit on that bunk?" Cat: "I can fit." Not easy when wearing a fishtail skirt that was designed for style and not practical things like walking and

"In 1999, a consultant heard footsteps descend into the Forward Hold. Workers saw a lady on the Promenade deck but she disappeared when they approached."



misbehaving on ships. She fitted perfectly. We were designed for ship's voyages. We've always wanted to be pirates. They interviewed mannequins about Captain Gray's disappearance but they were unforthcoming.

After regrouping in the kitchen, Cat became dizzy again. Neen, Tom and Amy headed downstairs while we found more cabins and passed the time tormenting a robotic voice that called out indignantly every time we pushed the toilet door. We found our team on the storage deck interviewing the model horses. In the luxurious dining deck, we sat for a pretend feast, which ended in a pretend food fight. Some people have no idea how to behave in first class. We then harassed a lone female mannequin. Musical instruments in the corner tempted us, but they were glued to chairs and ruined what could have been an epic Calamityville band photo. Our one chance to look vaguely talented.



We found the sickbay but the doctor and patient mannequins hadn't heard about the ghosts. However, a volunteer told us about a glass of wine that kept getting drunk when no-one was around. Amy tested out the bunks while we examined the firmness of the surgeon's posterior. He must do squats. Neen and Cat flanked the harassed-looking surgeon and demonstrated a Zumba booty shake.

We then posed with a model Brunel before finding his living impersonator.

Lynx, Neen and Tom followed him to the captain's quarters while Cat and Amy explored the Family cabin and interviewed mannequins. Cat became dizzy again but the only woman and child in the cabin were mannequins, not ghosts. The living Brunel pointed out the windows Gray disappeared from and told us a lantern beside the window had been extinguished. Gray was fire-safety conscious (unlike us) so extinguishing the lantern before leaving the ship was within his character. On the night he disappeared, a steward saw him writing letters. They've never been found.

While filming in a cabin near the windows, Lynx suddenly smelled perfume. Although perfume does linger after the wearer has left the area, we were the only ones left as the ship was about to close. Seconds later, Cat heard someone singing faintly in an operatic voice then it stopped. We can't say for certain it wasn't Amy or Neen, but Lynx was standing in the doorway, so would've heard them, but she didn't hear the singing. Our cameras recorded it clearly.

We did an EVP session by the windows but Gray didn't want to speak to us.



Tom found a trap door so Cat switched on her night vision and investigated. Sadly we didn't solve the mystery by finding a skeleton. Then we became suspicious. Gray was 6ft. So is Tom. Gray had a beard. So does Tom.

Gray was well-liked. As is Tom. Gray had a deep voice. So does Tom. We're not suggesting Tom is the immortal Captain Gray, we're just saying no-one has seen them together.

Our tickets allow us to return to the ship unlimited times in the year. It's time the ship had stowaways…



SPECTRAL PLANES

You'd probably think that Heathrow is the last place to see a ghost - but you'd be wrong.

Yes, it's the world's third-busiest airport and more than 70 million passengers pass through every year, but if you catch yourself feeling ill-at-ease or walking through a cold spot, stay alert. It's probably just your pre-flight pint or the airport's air conditioning; but it could be something else. Something which isn't at the airport to jet off for two weeks in Bermuda.

THE SPECTRAL MAN

Arguably, Heathrow's most famous ghost hasn't been seen for a while, but it's still a great tale. In March 1948, a flight coming in to land at Heathrow from Brussels ran into difficulties due to thick fog, and the plane crash landed on runway 2-8-Right, killing all three crew members and 17 of the 22 passengers.

As Heathrow employees and the emergency services worked to help the injured and find the dead and dying, a man wearing a hat calmly walked through the fog towards them; he was dressed in civilian clothes and obviously wasn't part of the rescue team. The man asked if the team had found his briefcase, and as the rescue team were staring at him, he disappeared into the fog - never to be seen again. According to reports, the emergency workers later reported finding the same gentleman's body in the wreckage.

He may have some idea that his days at the office are numbered, but the man in the hat isn't quite ready to give up the ghost just yet. Since the night of the crash in 1948, he's been spotted on the runway, possibly keeping an eye out for his missing briefcase.

Since that terrible night in 1948 there have been many reports of sightings of a man wearing a hat being seen along the runway; during recent years, he's been spotted less and less, but in 1970, it's reported he came back for one final hurrah and something happened which Heathrow staff have never been able to explain.

It all started when the radar office reported picking up a visual of a person trespassing on the runway,







which obviously isn't ideal. The airport police were despatched to get rid of the intruder, and they were joined by the airport fire department, just in case anything was amiss. The radar office guided the team to the spot where the man was, and waited for him to be removed.

However, the police reported back that they weren't able to see anyone, and the runway was clear. The radar office testily replied that they must be able to; as they were arriving at the scene, they had driven right next to the person.

Rattled, they continued to search for the individual, guided by the radar office, who were absolutely insistent that the intruder was still visible. Search as they might, the officers on the runway could not find who ever it was, and eventually both parties gave up. Could it have been the diligent office worker, desperately trying to find his briefcase?

THE VIP GHOST

If you're going to add a bit of glamour to your afterlife appearances, you could do a lot better than the VIP lounge at Heathrow. Visitors hoping for nothing more strenuous than a shower, a massage and a coffee have reported seeing a man in a grey suit mooching around the lounge, who promptly disappears.

Chillingly, many people who have seen this ghost have said that he appears from the waist down only, so if you spot a pair of grey trousers walking about unattended, this is most likely the cause.



DICK TURPIN RETURNS FOR A FINAL HOLD-UP

However, it appears that his death at the gallows has not stopped Dick Turpin; he's been viewed at several locations around England - and Heathrow is one of them. There have been reports of a man dressed as a highwayman appearing and disappearing in the main terminal, and Heathrow staff have reported hearing a man barking or howling. When they turn around to see what's causing the noise, nobody is there.

Dick's repertoire isn't limited to dog noises. Many people have said they 'feel his presence' behind them, or that they feel hot breath on their neck. Of course, they turn around and they're alone. Or so it seems...



URI GELL

THAT SPOON FELLA, MINDBENDER, BON VIVEUR AND FOR

JAYNE HARRIS SAT DOWN WITH URI GELLER AND DISCUSSED GHOSTS, THE AFTERLIFE AND SCEPTICS.

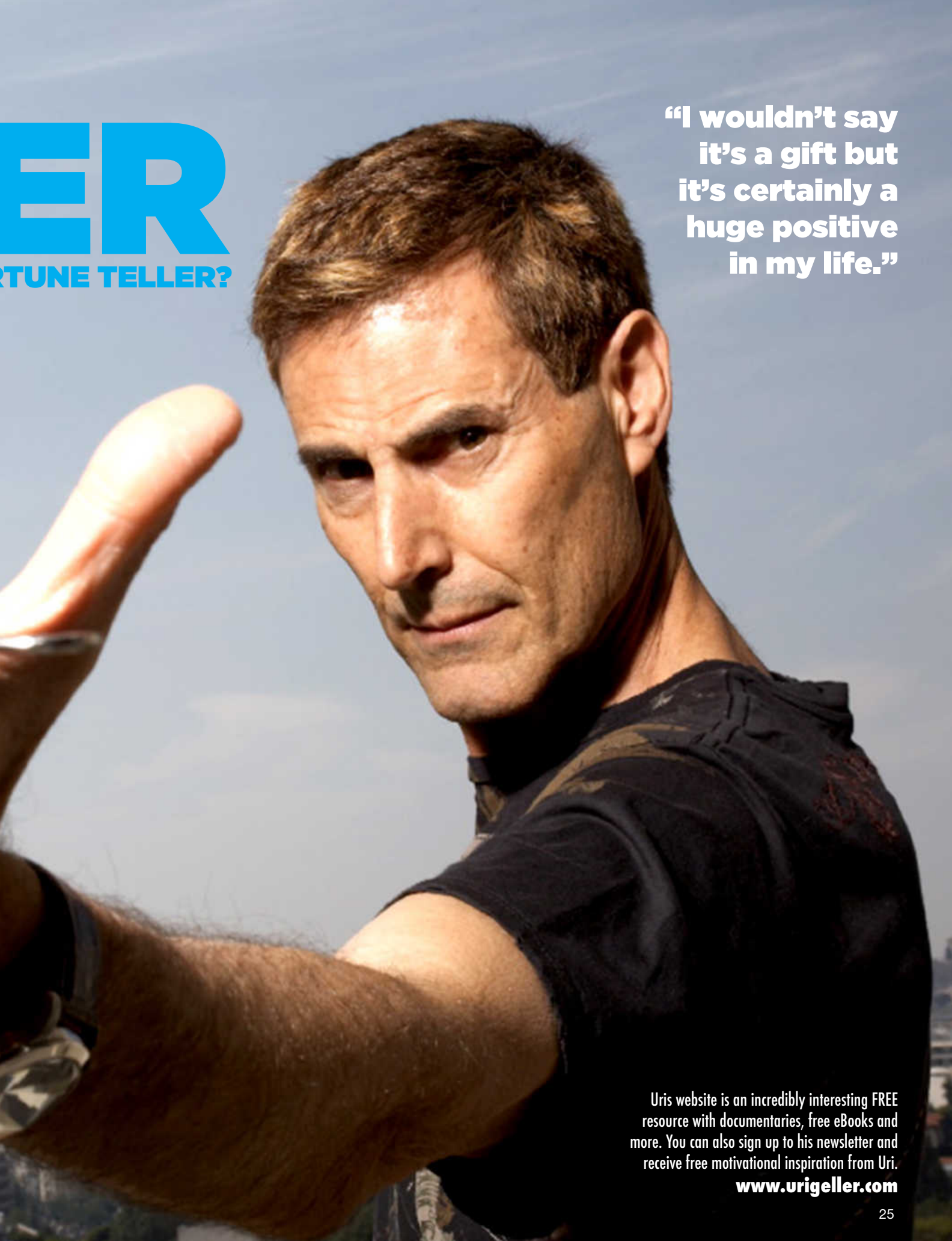


I would be surprised if someone told me they had never heard of Uri Geller. He is known the world over for his incredible abilities, not simply telekinesis but something altogether more incredible. This is a man who has defied the laws of science on a worldwide scale, which we have never, and probably will never see again. He is a man who has entertained and astounded millions of us for over 45 years, so however you would describe Uri whether Spoon bender, Psychic, Magician or Illusionist one thing is clear…there is only one Uri Geller.

My first memory of Uri Geller is as mystifying for me as the man himself. Aged 10 I was sitting at home one Saturday evening with my parents watching TV when onto my screen came a man who could apparently bend spoons with the power of his mind. He began staring directly into the camera lens and I remember feeling like he could literally see me! We were all memorized. He asked everyone at home to get a broken watch and hold it in his or her hand. I did. Uri then began commanding the worlds broken watches to 'work!" What had started as a bit of fun suddenly left me dumbfounded as the watch in my hand that hadn't worked for years suddenly started ticking. And so a life long fascination with the man and the mystery began.

ER

RTUNE TELLER?



“I wouldn’t say it’s a gift but it’s certainly a huge positive in my life.”

Uris website is an incredibly interesting FREE resource with documentaries, free eBooks and more. You can also sign up to his newsletter and receive free motivational inspiration from Uri.
www.urigeller.com

CELEBRITY INTERVIEW with URI GELLER

In this interview Uri gives me his thoughts on the beliefs afterlife, his amazing powers and why he is grateful to every single one of his critics.





Uri, can you tell me about the first time you realized you had extraordinary abilities?

I was 5 years old, eating soup and as I lifted the spoon towards my mouth, the spoon started bending and it actually broke in half. It's as clear in my mind today as it was back then.

How did your family react?

My mother didn't think it was a big deal. She was related to Sigmund Freud, my full name is actually Uri Geller Freud, and my mother simply thought that maybe I'd inherited some abilities from him. I don't think so myself but that's what she thought and so she was never amazed or surprised by my powers, she was more impressed by how my powers led me to become well known around the world.

Can you tell me about the point at which you discovered you could control your powers?

You know, because I was a bit of a show off and I wanted to be noticed, I soon realized that this was something I could really make use of. The other kids could play basketball, football or piano and I couldn't, but I was unique. I could do spoon bending, mind reading, fixing broken watches, sprouting seeds with my mind and more! I thought it was just a natural thing but I did used to exercise my abilities. When I was in school I would practice, mainly out of necessity. I wanted my mother to be able to give up work, I wanted to buy her a TV and take care of her and that was what gave me my drive, it was always about my Mom.

Over the years have you ever met anyone else that seems to have similar abilities?

Yes to a point. I've seen children bend spoons and have witnessed some extraordinary demonstrations of mind power from adults. I have a TV show called "The Next Uri Geller" in which I'm looking for the next me! On the show we have Magicians, Illusionists



and Mentalists and amongst them I believe that I have seen things that you cannot explain. They have demonstrated powers of the mind that have astounded me.

Have you ever wished you didn't have your powers?

No. Absolutely not. I look upon it as a blessing. I wouldn't say it's a gift but it's certainly a huge positive in my life.

Over the years you've allowed a number of scientists to attempt to test your paranormal abilities. Do you believe that in the end it will be science that offers us our best evidence of the afterlife? Or do you believe it will always be more about faith?

Oh the afterlife will absolutely be proved by science, for sure. I've been studied by the American Defense Department, the CIA and other intelligence agencies under controlled conditions and their findings can all be found on my website. Their tests concluded that this type of phenomenon is real. There is a thirst for scientific understanding of the unexplained. I believe in the future that scientists will be able to prove there is indeed life after death, and that we don't die, we simply pass over, and here is my explanation for why I believe we CAN'T die. In 1924 a very clever man came up with a scientific equation E=MC2. Of course it was Albert Einstein. Einstein with that equation proved to the world scientifically that everything in the universe is made up of energy, you, me, the walls that surround us, everything is energy. He went on to





prove that energy cannot be destroyed. So one must ask the question, if you cannot destroy energy, what happens to our soul when we die? What happens to our spirit? What happens to our energy?

Do you believe in Heaven and Hell? Or do you believe in something different?

I am a religious man and I pray to God every day and try to have an attitude of gratitude. No one really knows where we go but I want to believe there is a Heaven, and no I don't believe there is a Hell. I want to believe we proceed towards our creator, although I think we have to pass through various levels before we get there.

Have you ever seen a ghost?

In my lifetime I've seen 2 ghosts, there is no doubt in my mind. The first time was just after my mother died. She had been living with us for some time here in Sonning on Thames so I asked the Vicar and my Rabi for permission to bury her at our local church, being Jewish we were not sure if it was acceptable. It was agreed and so then I had to arrange for a headstone. My Rabi gave me the contact details for a stonemason so I called him and asked him to come and show me some examples of his work. He arrived on a Sunday morning at 10am and because of the security at my house usually people have to walk through several sets of gates but for some reason on this occasion when he called through I told him to wait in his car and I would come to him. As I approached I saw this man sitting in his van and next to him was a dog. Instantly I thought him a good man, as my family are dog lovers and my mother in particular loved dogs, so I immediately made up my mind that this was the man to create my mothers headstone. I approached his van from the passenger side expecting to pat the dog and as I leaned in there was no dog. I asked the man "where's your dog gone?" and he went ashen. He went on to tell me that his dog had passed away 6 months before but that he always accompanied him in his van and always sat on the passenger seat. I took it as a sign from my mother to trust the man.

For many people, their biggest fear is seeing a ghost. What is your biggest fear?

That's a really good question. I think it's human nature to have a fear of getting sick or of our loved ones becoming ill or dying. I wouldn't say I'm afraid of death or of dying but there will always be that big question mark for me…who will be there? Where will I go? That unknown element frightens me.

Obviously there are skeptics. What would you say to anyone who says, "There's no such thing as the paranormal?"

Well look, for me the skeptics gave a huge positive push to my career. So many skeptics have tried to debunk my abilities and they argued about me obsessively for years. What they didn't understand was that controversy is a gift on a silver platter. You cannot buy controversy in a shop. They created this whirlwind around me, which gave me longevity. I mean I can't believe I am still around, doing TV shows and lectures after 45 years and it's all because I became controversial thanks of them. I should actually send each of my skeptics a thousand bouquets of flowers, as I'm so grateful! I'll say this shamelessly; I am a King in Public Relations. I understand how PR works and I knew how to shift the controversy around me so that it could boost my career.

At the end of the day you will get skeptics in every walk of life, but especially in the field of the paranormal as it's unfortunately riddled with charlatans, so you never really know who is genuine and who is not. Skeptics to me are a tiny molecular nothing, they don't exist in my world and cannot do me harm. I think I have reached a point at which I don't have to prove anything to anyone, and so I don't really care what anyone else thinks. If someone said to me "there's no such thing as the paranormal" I'd just tell them to keep on believing that if it makes them happy!

Uri, many thanks for taking the time to talk to me today.

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PARANORMAL ACTIVITY?



The Idlewells Shopping Centre in Sutton in Ashfield, Notti hire, UK doesn't haunted











Above: Idlewells in the 70s

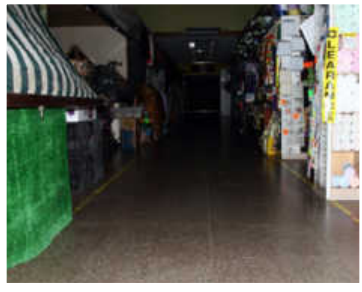
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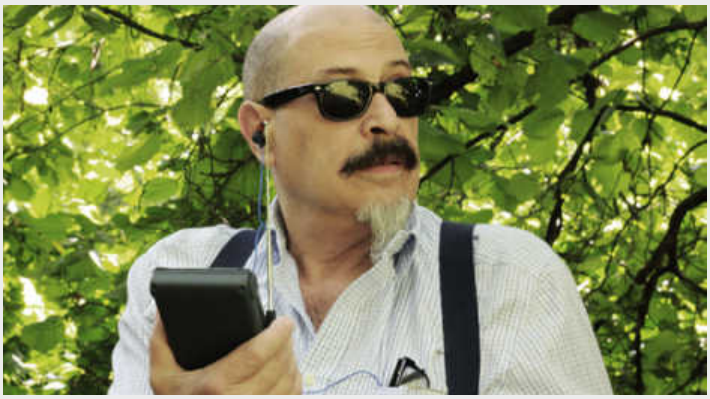
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ARK OF THE CONVENIENT



We've all done it, been on an investigation and wish we could carry all our equipment at the same time, the amount of times I have gone back and forth fetching this, fetching that wishing that I had a pet Octopus (trained to carry stuff for me of course, not just for novelty purposes) doesn't bear thinking about.

Modern ghost hunting is awash with technical gadgets and gizmos, we all have our favourites and yes they're getting smaller and easier to fit into pockets and man-bags but what if one, YES ONE, piece of kit could fulfil the actions of many of our gadgets, well it might be time to pack the pet Octopus away because there's a new gadget in town and this one means business.



Imagine a Ghost Box, an EVP Recorder, a Sound Trap, an EMF Meter, a Temperature and Pressure gauge and an access to analysis of Data captured all neatly packaged up in a shiny new piece of kit with fancy lights for added coolness and that's what the GhostArk is.

We caught up with its creator Massimo Rossi and asked him all about his new ghost hunting gadget.

Ciao Massimo and thanks for taking the time to talk with us today. A lot of our readers love the paranormal and judging by what we've read on social media about GhostArk there is already a buzz about it.

So, GhostArk? Why do you feel there is a need for a device like this?

GhostArk solves the need to have more than one tool in your hand, making investigations easier, more accurate and professional. It also allows to record and cross-analyse data.

Can you describe GhostArk in 5 words?

Simple: Is the "First All-in-One Ghost Hunting Equipment"

If you were looking for 5 adjectives, these would be: accurate, easy, convenient, beautiful, professional.

Start from the beginning, where and when did the idea for GhostArk start?

I got the idea for GhostArk because I had myself the need to be able to hold more than one device in

"DESIGNED AND BUILT FOR GHOST HUNTERS, PARANORMAL INVESTIGATORS AND ENTHUSIASTS."



one hand. I also wanted to create a device that allowed to cross-analyse the data and highlight anomalies after the investigation.

Do you think GhostArk could make Ghost Hunting even easier?

This is one of the reasons why GhostArk was created, and to allow enthusiasts to start experimenting in this field. Now they will need to purchase only one device, instead of many.

Do you think that the paranormal industry is ready for GhostArk?

Until one year ago, the technology industry basically wasn't considering the paranormal field. Researchers were using tools originally developed for other purposes. GhostArk is the first multi-functional device created and developed especially for paranormal research and for those who are interested in this field.

GhostArk answers a need, allowing also those who are not expert to conduct investigations with professional results.

What are the most famous haunted locations in Italy?

Italy has a very long history and is full of haunted locations: regular houses, castles, villas, abandoned villages… maybe more than in the UK, maybe not (I love the UK for its history).

Venice is a real practice ground for paranormal research. One of the reasons is because its architecture has remained the same for over one thousand years.

Poveglia island, Lazzaretto Nuovo e Lazzaretto vecchio (with the hospital for those infested with the plague) are all great locations.

Throughout Italy there are many other locations: medieval castles and grounds of great battles (for example Custoza). Other locations are in Caporetto and in the area surrounding the Piave River.

Italy was ravaged by the plague three times, which caused hundreds of thousands of deaths.

Why the name GhostArk?

This name is evocative… "ark" because the entity can manifest itself in multiple ways. GhostArk allows to record and analyse different phenomena of paranormal nature.

So, who is Massimo Rossi, tell our readers who you are?

I am a librarian, specialised in antique manuscripts. I have been researching the paranormal for over thirty years… at the beginning I was doing investigations using flour, a strainer, a Polaroid, a simple tape recorder. I have always followed closely the development of technologies used in paranormal research.



What happened when you tested it on Poveglia Island?

I have been to Poveglia three times, always alone. I love doing investigations on my own because I am able to fully concentrate on the environment and on the device that I'm using. Apart from bangs, steps and sudden temperature changes, already with the first prototype of GhostArk (with all the components in a wooden box) I started seeing that EMF variations data could be crossed with temperature and pressure data, as well as with EVP recordings (which I was able to listen after the investigation) and with the ghost box.

Silly question, probably, but do you believe in ghosts?

This is not a silly question, completely the opposite in fact: I believe that "ghosts" are part of what I define "entities", which stay in our dimension or are able to get back to our dimension. Therefore, I believe that there are multiple dimensions. The aim of the research is,

firstly, to demonstrate the nature of “paranormal”, of different phenomena, including sound, kinetic and visual phenomena. At the moment it’s not possible to demonstrate the origin of such phenomena; but we can demonstrate their nature.

Tell us about the team behind GhostArk?

My dream became reality thanks to my son, who worked on the design of the device and put together a team of four engineers. Our project manager worked in Japan for five years in micro-robotics.

We also have members of the team who take care of communications and relations with media, suppliers and partners.

How have the so called paranormal experts reacted to GhostArk?

I would say really well. Excluding cameras, GhostArk represents a step ahead for the industry that is comparable to the switch from mobile phones to the first iPhone. Also, GhostArk customers will have access to a web application to analyse all their data; this has been received very well too.

We’re so looking forward to testing it over here in the UK, have you ever ghost hunted in the UK?

Not yet, although I have wanted to come to the UK for a while and test personally the GhostArk in notably haunted locations.

Even though I like doing researches alone (maybe with an interpreter, if he/she is brave enough…), I would like investigating with other people who want to test GhostArk.

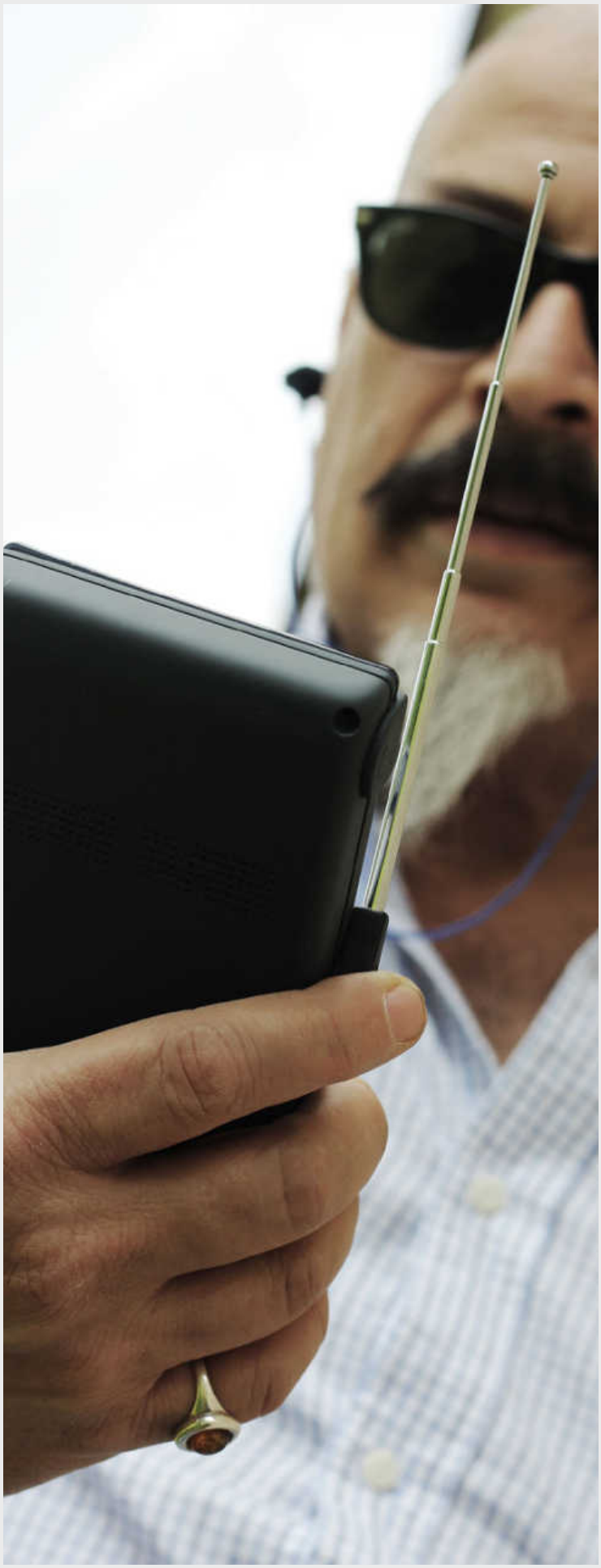
Do you plan to expand on GhostArk with more paranormal products?

Definitely. Our project manager is already working on GhostArk 2 but this will take at least two years of research and development.

When you first started ghost hunting what equipment did you use?

As I mentioned in a previous answer: flour scattered on the floor through a strainer (talcum powder was too expensive), a tape recorder with magnetic head, a simple polaroid with flash, a torch, note pad and a lot of curiosity to discover more.

Grazie Massimo it was a pleasure speaking with you. Like a lot of the paranormal loving people out there we are dying to see the GhostArk in action and to see what response it gets from the paranormal world. Personally speaking, anything that makes ghost hunting easier but still generates the buzz, the vibe and the scares that Ghost Hunting can give is a winner in my book.



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A mysterious virus hits an isolated elementary school, transforming the kids into a feral swarm of mass savages. An unlikely hero must lead a motley band of teachers in the fight of their lives.





"You know what? You carry on with your symphony of death. I'll sneak around the school where there aren't any kids."

INTERVIEW WITH

Elijah Wood





So, you get an email from a marketing company wanting to promote a new DVD, you get the screener of the film, it's quite good actually and then you do what you always do and ask if there's any interview talent available safe in the knowledge that the answer will 99% be no.

A few days later, they reply, you idly flick over it and then you stop dead in your tracks, tumbleweed breezes over your laptop, and you blink and read it again, "Elijah Wood is available for an interview".

Elijah Wood aka Frodo Baggins aka Frank in Maniac and now Clint in Cooties (the film that started this introduction to the feature).

So, what is Cooties? In a nutshell, some children eat some contaminated Chicken Nuggets and turn into "cannibalistic ghouls" and yes, you guessed it Elijah Wood stars in it (note: he also produces it as well).

Oh and to put the ghostly cherry on top of the horror cake this is not an interview where we get to send off 15 questions for them to answer the best way we can, this is what is known in the industry as a "phoner".

So, the phone call takes place, we're told we've got 10 minutes, questions are prepped and researched, my mouth is so dry, the last time I spoke to a celebrity was when Les Dennis told me to "shift" on Skegness Pier.

Elijah speaks "Hey Paul, how you doing? Just been reading your magazine, it's cool"

…. The rest is a blur



HAUNTED: So Cooties! What's it all about?

Elijah Wood (EJ): Good start to an interview, straight down to the meat and bones. Basically in a nutshell it's about a group of elementary school teachers who come under attack from children who have been turned into vicious monsters by eating contaminated chicken nuggets and their struggle to survive.

HAUNTED: What is Clint's Backstory? He's a wannabe Horror Writer yes?

EJ: Yes he is, he loves his horror and wants to write horror but ends up being a substitute teacher at this school.

HAUNTED: Did you add the Horror Writer part into it?

EJ: No, in fact I wasn't even going to act in the film, just get involved as producer but fell in love with the script.

HAUNTED: I guess it's similar to The Faculty but spun the other way round?

EJ: Wow, that takes me back, yes I guess it is similar with the bad guys being the teachers rather than the kids. Horror will always have a villain or villains and will always have the good guys.

HAUNTED: There were quite a few different endings for Cooties. Which was your favourite?

EJ: We filmed several endings, or had ideas for various endings but due to budget restraints they weren't feasible. I am happy with the ending that we went for although I did love the ending we had where the virus spread to the pensioners so it affected both young and old.

HAUNTED: How's the film gone down with teachers?

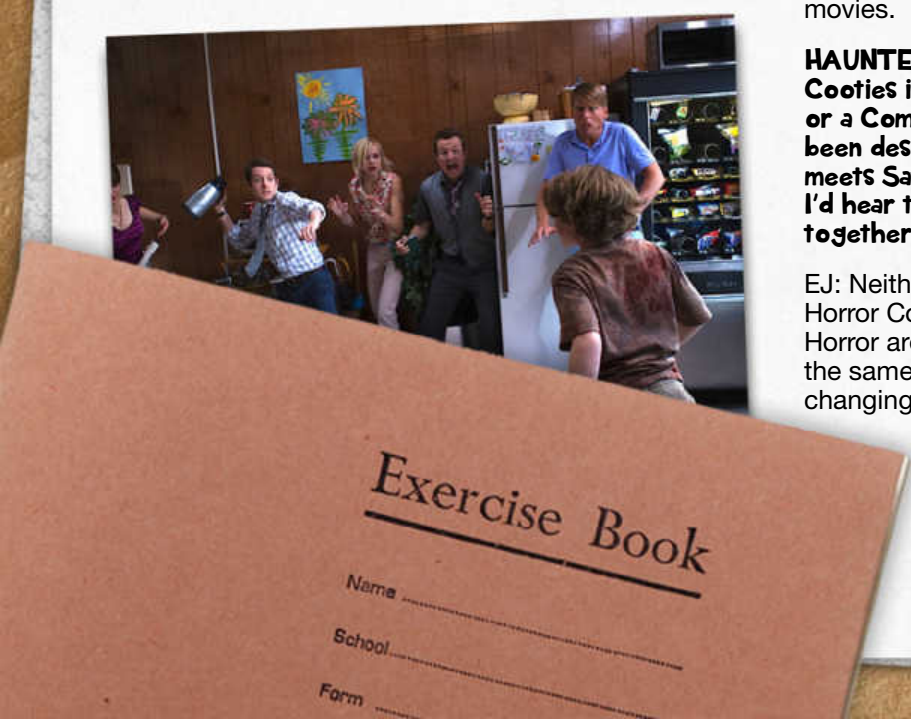
EJ: Ah, the feedback has been pretty cool, obviously we've not toured it round the local schools LOL but at the festivals it has been shown at, we've had a few teachers come up to us who've said "thanks so much, it's about time the teachers got to be the good guys"

HAUNTED: You love your horror, what go you into it?

EJ: I was very young, my older brother is 7 years older than me, so I kind of looked up to him and got into what he was into. I grew up with *A Nightmare on Elm Street: Dream Warriors* and that era, I watched my first horror film when I was 5 years old, *Truth or Dare: A Critical Madness*, a straight to video release, and I fell in love with horror there and then, it remains of my all time favourite horror movies.

HAUNTED: Would you say Cooties is a Horror Comedy or a Comedy Horror? It's been described as Glee meets Saw(!) I never thought I'd hear those two paired together!

EJ: Neither would I, I think Horror Comedy and Comedy Horror are, I think, essentially, the same thing and just changing the words around is irrelevant, Cooties is both Horror and Comedy, a mix of two genres that will always have a common denominator. Look at Shaun of the Dead, yes it's funny but it really has some proper horror in it to.



HAUNTED: Your company Spectrevision produced Cooties. Tell us more.

EJ: *SpectreVision* is a genre driven company and mostly focuses on horror films. We also host a film festival called *SpectreFest*. As you've said I love horror and I love it from behind the camera as well as in front of it.

HAUNTED: Do you believe in the Paranormal? Have you ever had any Paranormal experiences?

EJ: Yes I believe in ghosts, I've had a few experiences, nothing that would go to suggest that ghosts exist 100% but then does it ever.. (laughs), we had an interesting Ouija Session during a tour of a haunted house recently. Heard lots of voices and stuff.

Elijah, many thanks for taking time out of your schedule to speak to us today and we wish you every success with Cooties.

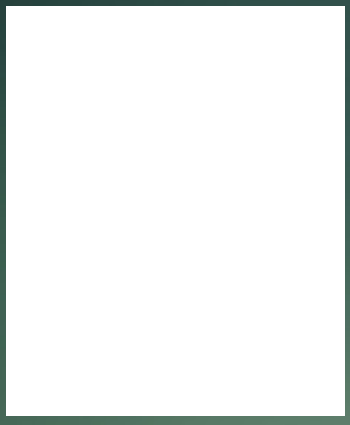


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JACK THE MYTH
THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS

BY RICHARD JONES



ARTISTS IMPRESSION



MARTHA TABRAM



MARY KELLY

Compared to many serial killers in history, Jack the Ripper was, to say the least, not that prolific. Indeed, if, as is generally believed, he murdered five women, he pales in comparison to many latter day killers. Yet, his name is instantly recognisable the World over; more films have been made about him than any other murderer; each year numerous books come out claiming to have caught him at last; and, whenever a news story about him breaks, newspaper editors still fall over themselves to get the scoop on their rivals, just as they have been doing for nigh on 129 years.

And, the most bizarre thing of all is that "Jack the Ripper" never existed. Film makers, authors, journalists and editors are quite literally chasing after a fiction who is, or was, in reality, more myth than man.

Now, don't get me wrong. I am certainly not arguing against the harsh reality that five very gruesome murders took place in the East End of London in 1888. They most certainly did and are a matter of historical record.

What I *am* arguing is that the perpetrator of the Whitechapel Murders, to give them their official name, was most probably not called Jack!

Indeed, had you stopped anyone in the streets in early September 1888 – when at least two, perhaps three, of the murders had taken place - and asked them who they thought Jack the Ripper was, you'd have drawn a blank stare.

You see, the murders of Martha Tabram (7th August 1888), Mary Nichols (31st August 1888) and Annie Chapman (8th September 1888) were carried out before the name "Jack the Ripper" found its way into the investigation into the crimes.

Back then, the most common nickname for the murderer that people would most certainly have recognised, and would been terrified by, was "Leather Apron."

This name was, reportedly, the pseudonym given to a sinister character who - so the prostitutes of the East End told police in the early stages of the investigation into the Whitechapel Murders - was extorting money from them with threats that if they didn't pay up he would "rip them up." Apparently, this sinister and violent character habitually wore a leather apron, hence the nickname.

Unfortunately, the prostitutes could tell the police little about this man and descriptions of him varied. Then, around the 2nd September 1888, *The Star* newspaper, learnt of this suspect and began publishing lurid articles about him and his nocturnal activities.

It was at this point that the wonderfully named, Sergeant William Thick, revealed to his fellow officers that he was certain that when people spoke of "Leather Apron" in the district they were, in fact, referring to a man by the name of John Pizer.

With the people of the area now terrified by this bogeyman-like figure, the murderer struck again on the 8th September 1888, and claimed the life of Annie Chapman in the backyard of number 29 Hanbury Street in Spitalfields.

It was with this murder that the extreme unease that had been gaining momentum in the streets of Whitechapel in the wake of the murders of Martha Tabram and Mary Nichols gave way to outright panic and angry mobs began patrolling the streets ever willing to vent their fury and frustrations on any poor individual who might be suspected of

being complicit in or responsible for the murders.

A direct result of this mob activity was that the police numbers were increased on the streets and this appears to have deterred the murderer for a few weeks.

A few days after Annie Chapman's murder, Sergeant Thick finally arrested John Pizer and took him in for questioning at Leman Street Police Station. Their case, however, soon fell apart when Pizer was able to provide alibis for the nights of the two most recent murders and he was soon released.

With the end of September approaching, the fact that there had been no further atrocities since Annie Chapman's murder, saw a general relaxation amongst the East End populace as they started to believe that their ordeal was over.

But the murderer returned in the early hours of the 30th September 1888 and claimed two victims – Elizabeth Stride and Catherine Eddowes – at around 1am and 1.45a respectively.

It was in the wake of these killings that the police made a decision that would, not only influence the course of their investigation into the killings, but which would also guarantee the unknown perpetrator a gruesome immortality.

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The day before the murders of Elizabeth Stride and Catherine Eddowes the Central News Office had handed the police a letter which they had received two days previous. Purporting to come from the murderer, the missive was written in red ink and was addressed to "The Boss." It taunted the police for their inability to catch him, and spoke in gloating terms about what he had done to his previous victims and what he would do to any future victims.

It was, however, the signature on the letter that would have long lasting repercussions and which would transform a series of East End murders into an international phenomenon. For the letter was signed "Jack the Ripper."

In the wake of the two murders that had occurred on the 30th September, the police decided that the letter might provide the breakthrough they so desperately needed and they released it to the public. When the newspapers began reporting on the name, it caught on immediately and soon Jack the Ripper was the name on everybody's lips when they referred to the Whitechapel Murders.

Within days the police had decided that the letter had, most certainly, not been written by the murderer but that it had, in fact, been written by a journalist anxious to capitalise further on the crimes.

But, by that time, it was too late and from that point onwards the police had to contend with two perpetrators. The real one, the Whitechapel Murderer, and the fictional one - Jack the Ripper. The boundaries between the two soon became blurred, and they remain so to this day. Look at any book on the murders and, inevitably, the name "Jack the Ripper" will be there somewhere in the title. Authors don't write books entitled *The Whitechapel Murderer: - Case Closed, The Whitechapel Murderer: - The Final Solution* or *The Diary of the Whitechapel Murderer* and, if they did, there is a high probability, nobody would buy them!

But, by replacing the "Whitechapel Murderer" with "Jack the Ripper", and an author is almost guaranteed an international bestseller, especially if he claims to be the latest in a long line of authors to have finally solved history's greatest mystery. Until that is, the next author comes along to steal the limelight by claiming to be the one who finally managed to track down and unmask a man who, to all intents and purposes, never actually existed.

As the anonymous writer of the "Dear Boss…Jack the Ripper" missive might well have put it. Ha Ha!



CATHERINE EDDOWES



DURWARD STREET

Richard Jones is the author of several books on Jack the Ripper and has written and presented several documentaries on the Whitechapel Murders. His company, Discovery Tours and Events, operates a nightly Jack the Ripper Walk in the East End of London, http://www.jack-the-ripper-tour.com. He has also written books on the ghosts, legends and folklore of Britain and Ireland, the research for which has taken him on endless journeys across the spectral landscape of the United Kingdom and the Emerald Isle.

3 girls and a GOLDENROD

Batteries not included...





The continuing adventures of 3GD

Don't you hate it when you arrive to a location, equipment is prepped & ready to go, but the place drains every last bit of juice from your batteries?
The closest place to restock is across the river miles away in the middle of nowhere? You're not sure if a ghost or the gas station attendant is going to follow you home?

Let me tell you about a hidden gem call the "Goldenrod" Built it 1909, the Goldenrod Showboat travelled the rivers of the Midwest, offering entertainment to everyone aboard until she settled in St. Louis in 1937. At one point it seated more than 1400 people for dinner shows and was decorated with more than 2500 electric lights. It inspired Edna Ferber to write her book SHOWBOAT, on which the musical was based. The Goldenrod is the biggest and longest surviving original showboat. Her current home is "somewhere" along the riverside in Kampsville, IL.

Thanks to the caretakers who are trying to restore her, 3 Girls in the Dark were able to find this "somewhere" and spend the night... twice!

When we arrived to this location, we almost drove right past it. It emerges from the tree line, and you catch it in your peripheral, forcing you to slam on your breaks, stop in the middle of the road and just stare at what is a paranormal investigators dream spot. It's old, it's creepy, it's dilapidated, surrounded by woods, and the moon looks amazing over the river.

But what about the good stuff? Does this boat still perform? (ba dum bum) The caretakers have many haunted stories to tell from the legends of



the boat to their own personal experiences. Captain Menke still watches the stage from his table in the balcony. You can ask him for permission to board if you bring him a cigar. Big band music can still be herd playing, along with the lonely piano upstairs. If you listen closely you might hear faint cries from Rose, who may also tug on your coattails when you're not looking.

There is also an interesting story about a widower who worked on the Goldenrod. He was raising his only daughter on board. She wanted to be a performer but her father refused. One night in St. Louis they had an argument about her performing. The girl stormed off the boat. The next morning she was found dead floating in the river. She had been brutally attacked and murdered. The killers were never found and her father died a short time later.



The team was so excited to get in here! After all it was fate! I mean how weird is it that after doing research on this place we stumbled across this book?

Ummmm – that's a blond a brunette and a red head investigating a haunted showboat. With what looks like a captain rowing a young lady off to her demise! Yikes!



So let's get this party started!

- *√ Gifted a cigar & rose to the boat*
- *√ Asked Captain Menke permission to board*
- *√ Set up equipment & started investigation*
- *√ Batteries went dead*
- *√ Interesting paranormal stuff happened*
- *√ Finished investigation*
- *√ Cleaned ourselves off & drove home*
- *√ Evidence review & reveal*

We had our batteries drained, our walkie talkies seemed to go crazy anytime we asked for interaction, and had some cool EVPs (EVP - Electronic Voice Phenomena) - one particular interesting class A "HELLO". We even herd the upstairs piano play! But what sold us on this place was something the 3 of us experienced together, all at once. To date it's one of the weirdest things we have seen.

While doing your standard Q&A session, we were standing on stage looking up at the Captains table (located in the balcony to the left), while trying to communicate with Captain Menke, the 3 of us saw a ball of light bounce throughout the chairs and dissipate into the captain's chair. It was pretty large and had a bit of colour to it. We all just froze and went quite. Emily offered up the appropriate "did you see that" response, and we all just shook our heads. Even stranger, we all agreed we had just seen a ball of light, but it looked a bit different to each of us in colour and size. I'm still scratching my head on this one!

As a professional team, we try to explain every experience before labelling it "Unexplained" or "Paranormal". We don't half ass things, and we tried to recreate it but we couldn't. Plus you start to learn to trust your gut, and we all knew what we had just experienced was just not "NORMAL"

I can't wait to get back to this location! The caretakers are great hosts and to experience the boat in person is just amazing. Because of the boat's condition, we are unaware of how long it will be around for investigating. So if you're in the Kampsville area, check it out and tell them 3 Girls sent you!

UPDATE:

Since Gina and the 3GD Girls wrote this feature, they have had a bad flood in the area, which has sadly caused the boat to be condemned and torn apart. Some pieces of the interior will be saved and placed in a museum but naturally the girls are heartbroken as this was one of their favourite locations.

When A Doctor Calls...

ONE OF THE GREATEST CRIMINAL MYSTERIES OF ALL TIME...WHO WAS JACK THE RIPPER?

RIPPER "FAN" JAYNE HARRIS SPINS HER TAKE ON THE JACK THEORY

I've long held a fascination with this case, not least for the incredible stealth and skill the man himself must have had. Not that I admire his work, but the awe that surrounds this enigma does warrant a level of admiration, at least on some macabre and I admit, sickening level.

What makes the case eternally fixed in our imaginations is of course the fact that the Whitechapel murderer was never captured. There are at least 30 suspects, more if we count the hundreds of other names bandied around over the years.

Personally my favourite theory is one that has risen in popularity over the years. I am talking about the notion that Jack the Ripper may have been none other than Welshman Sir John Williams, surgeon to Queen Victoria. It's been widely theorized over the past 100+ years that the Ripper must have been a skilled and educated man with a sophisticated understanding of human anatomy. To remove a woman's vital organs quickly, quietly and with only the dim glow of a Victorian street lamp is testament to this. Of course there are those who claim a butcher may have had the required skill and knowledge. Possibly. But there is no evidence to point towards any butcher working in the area at the time.

So lets go back to Sir John.

John Williams, born in 1840 was a bright and intelligent young boy who chose a path of medicine after diverting from his original career path with the church. In 1859 he became an apprentice to surgeons in Swansea before attending University College Hospital London in 1861 to study medicine with a view to setting up a general practise.

In 1872 he was appointed Assistant Physician at University College Hospital and went on to have an extremely successful career in London. It was a good year for Williams as he also met and married Mary Elisabeth Ann Hughes whom he later discovered could not conceive children. It is this point that we shall return to when examining his possible motives for the murders. In 1886 he was made a Court Physician and in 1894 he was made a Baronet. A very well respected, and wealthy man indeed.

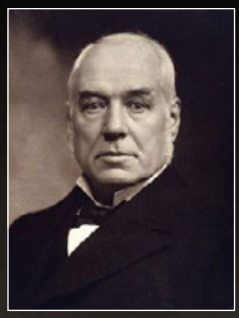
Most of the evidence in support of the theory that Sir John was indeed Jack the Ripper comes from his own direct descendant Tony Williams, who is 2005 released a book entitled 'Uncle Jack'. His theory is that Williams, in an attempt to find a cure for his wife's infertility, stalked Whitechapel looking for women of a similar age whom he may have been familiar with from his clinic in Whitechapel (where he was an Obstetrician). He would have known that many of these women had no family or loved ones. No one to miss or mourn them. It is claimed that he killed them, and then removed their reproductive organs, which he then took back to the hospital to study. A labour of love you might think!

It has also been suggested by Williams that Mary Kelly, the Rippers fifth and final victim, was John Williams' lover. This claim has been supported by Mary Kelly's own descendant Antonia Alexander, who in 2013 found a tiny photograph of Sir John in a locket that was once the property of Mary Kelly.

If true, it isn't quite clear why he killed her. Maybe she knew what he was up to and could identify him, or perhaps it was simply because he had been tempted by her in the past and couldn't run the risk again. Maybe Mary Kelly was some kind of "offering" - a coded signal to his fellow Freemasons that he had finished his work?

But aside from the connections to Mary Kelly what else is there to aid us in our accusations against Sir John Williams?

In amongst Sir John's belongings in the collection of the National Library there is a knife, which fits the description of the murder weapon exactly. There are also three slides detailing various dissected organs, which have



Was The Ripper the Court Physician Sir John Williams?

been labelled "animal matter", and were clearly being studied by Williams. In 1885 there is a log entry in Williams journal detailing an abortion he had performed on a 'Mary Ann Nichols' showing he had the specific knowledge and experience required to carry out procedures similar to those of the Ripper.

In addition, a letter was found in which Sir John indicates to a colleague that he will be in Whitechapel on the 9th November 1888, the date Mary Kelly was killed, and we also know that soon after this date he gave up all public work for around 5 years until 1892, or possibly until he felt the case had cooled down.

Another theory when considering Sir John Williams is that of protecting Royal honour. One other high profile suspect in the case is Dr William Withey Gull who was Physician to Queen Victoria. Were these 2 men of medicine working together to prevent a royal scandal involving Prince Albert Victor?

Of course, we may never know who he was and why he carried out such brutal and shocking murders. After all this time would we even want to know? Or is there something deeply fascinating about a case that remains a mystery. I for one think so.



Co-Founder, Lead Investigator and Writer with HD Paranormal Research, Jayne has over 17 year's experience in paranormal investigation and specialises in studying cases of Spirit Attachment (haunted objects). Both of Jaynes great grandmothers were psychic mediums however Jayne isn't yet convinced that she's inherited their gifts - although lives in hope!

As a qualified Psychologist and Counsellor, Jayne also studies Parapsychology and has recently completed training in Demonology.

A member of the British Paranormal Association (BPA) and leading paranormal research charity ASSAP, Jayne, alongside Co-Founder (and also husband!) Simon, works tirelessly in pursuit of the paranormal 'holy-grail' - unquestionable proof of the afterlife, with their most recent piece of night vision footage receiving over 1.1 million hits on YouTube in just 3 days!

The work of HD Paranormal has contributed to a new found fascination with this often misunderstood paranormal phenomena with particular interest coming from Japan and the USA.

Jaynes all-time favourite location for ghost hunting is Edinburgh's old town, especially Greyfriars Kirkyard where she saw her first apparition!

THE SÉANCE THAT "NAMED" THE REAL

JACK THE RIPPER

BY PHILIP SOLOMON

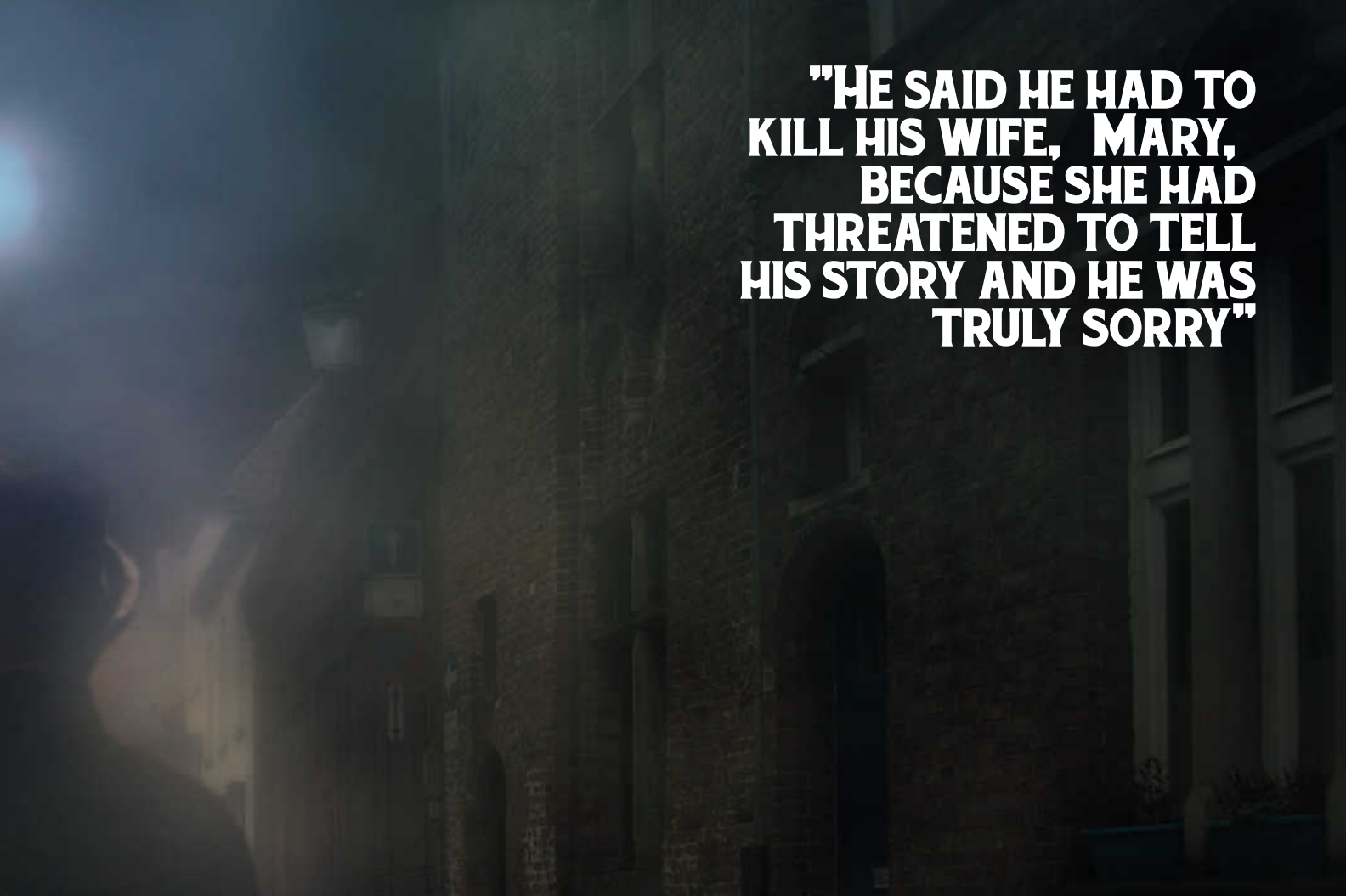
I am always amazed how those on the other side have an interest in this world, but in 2001 I had one of the most surprising engagements of my career as one of the top mediums of the day.

That year I had co-written a book with Professor Hans Holzer of Amityville fame called Beyond Death-Conditions in the Afterlife. It became an American best-seller and was based around my trance mediumship sessions with people such as Elvis Presley, Judy Garland, Adolf Hitler and many other from the other side, famous and ordinary alike. At this time I was teaching many gifted young people to become mediums and psychics and in several sessions a character claiming to be William Bury or Jack often came through. It became clear to all of us that this person was either someone pretending to be, or may have been, Jack the Ripper, although he never actually said he was at that stage.

Around 2005 a very unusual haunting was reported in Bilston, West Midlands, of a Jack the Ripper type character being seen in and around the area of Bilston Market and in Hill Street, Stourbridge. Some people thought this may have been the ghost of Staffordshire's Palmer the Poisoner, but after much consideration and research into the story, we came to the conclusion it could have been William Bury or Jack the Ripper and was a suitable ghost story for one of my ghost books in 2009.

However, that year in May, I decided it was time to put together a séance with some professional sitters and see if Bury could be contacted and find out whether he actually was The Ripper once and for all. The sitters were a psychic artist and medium, two paranormal investigators, a Midlands historian, and myself as the control and medium.

This is what came through during the séance and my trance mediumship, whereby one William Bury finally admitted he was Jack the Ripper but insisted that he had only been the killer of three people, not including his



"He said he had to kill his wife, Mary, because she had threatened to tell his story and he was truly sorry"

wife, Ellen, and they were Kate Kelly, (Catherine Eddowes), Martha Tabram, and Mary Ann Nichols, but all the other girls or 'prossers' as he called them, and in his words, "there were more than anyone will ever know about that was done in by others at the order of 'the toff, Dudley'." He would never say exactly who Dudley or the others were.

It turned out Bury was actually born in Hill Street, Stourbridge, in 1859 and that his mother had been committed to a lunatic asylum very early in his life and that his father, a fishmonger and pork butcher, had also died when he was only a baby, but that he and his brother and sister had been brought up by his uncle in Wolverhampton and that he had learned the family trade of pork butchering and fish filleting to a good standard, (remember anyone who could cut up and dissect a pig could do the same to a human being - whether we like it or not the organs and structure are very similar). But he admitted he was wayward and ended up selling pencils and other things where Bilston Market stands today.

He told us he had killed his wife and three of the Ripper victims, Kelly, Tabram and Nichols, but this had been on the order of someone that he always called or referred to as 'the toff, Dudley' or 'the gaffer'. He said he had to kill his wife, Mary, because she had threatened to tell his story and he was truly sorry for this and that he had immediately gone to the police station in Dundee, where they had gone to live, and told them he was the Ripper, or at least one of them, and told the full story of why he had killed the girls. He also said he had been paid £300 to do this, (about £50,000 in today's money), and it had been paid to him in a way that suggested his wife had inherited the money. He also insisted that although his wife was a poor publican's daughter, she was not a prostitute and they had lived in Blackthorn Street, Bow, London, in lodgings with someone he called Smithy.

He told me he was racked with remorse and had planned to go to Australia but went to Dundee instead where he and Mary had quarrelled. She wanted



to go home and said she was going to tell on him, and in a fit of rage he killed her and had cut up her body in sections and in a way very similar to how several of the prostitutes had ended up in London.

William Bury told us he was quite certain he would be acquitted and that people in high standing would save him from the noose and that Dudley, the toff, had assured him this would be the case. Bury was angry from the other side that he had never been allowed to speak in his defence in court and that although after hearing the evidence the jury had convicted him, they had asked for mercy because of the circumstances they had heard during the case. He had been advised to plead guilty to his wife's murder but assured of reprieve, he claimed. Lord Young, the judge that day, was furious with the jury's decision and ordered them to go back and reconsider why they had asked for mercy and they returned with a verdict of guilty without conditions!

William Bury told us that on the morning of his execution, he had said in front of many witnesses, "I freely forgive all who have given false evidence against me at my trial and I deserve to hang for killing my good wife, but I shall not be executed, be assured of that. At the last minutes my London people will save me." He seemed to be referring to important people who would save him from the rope.

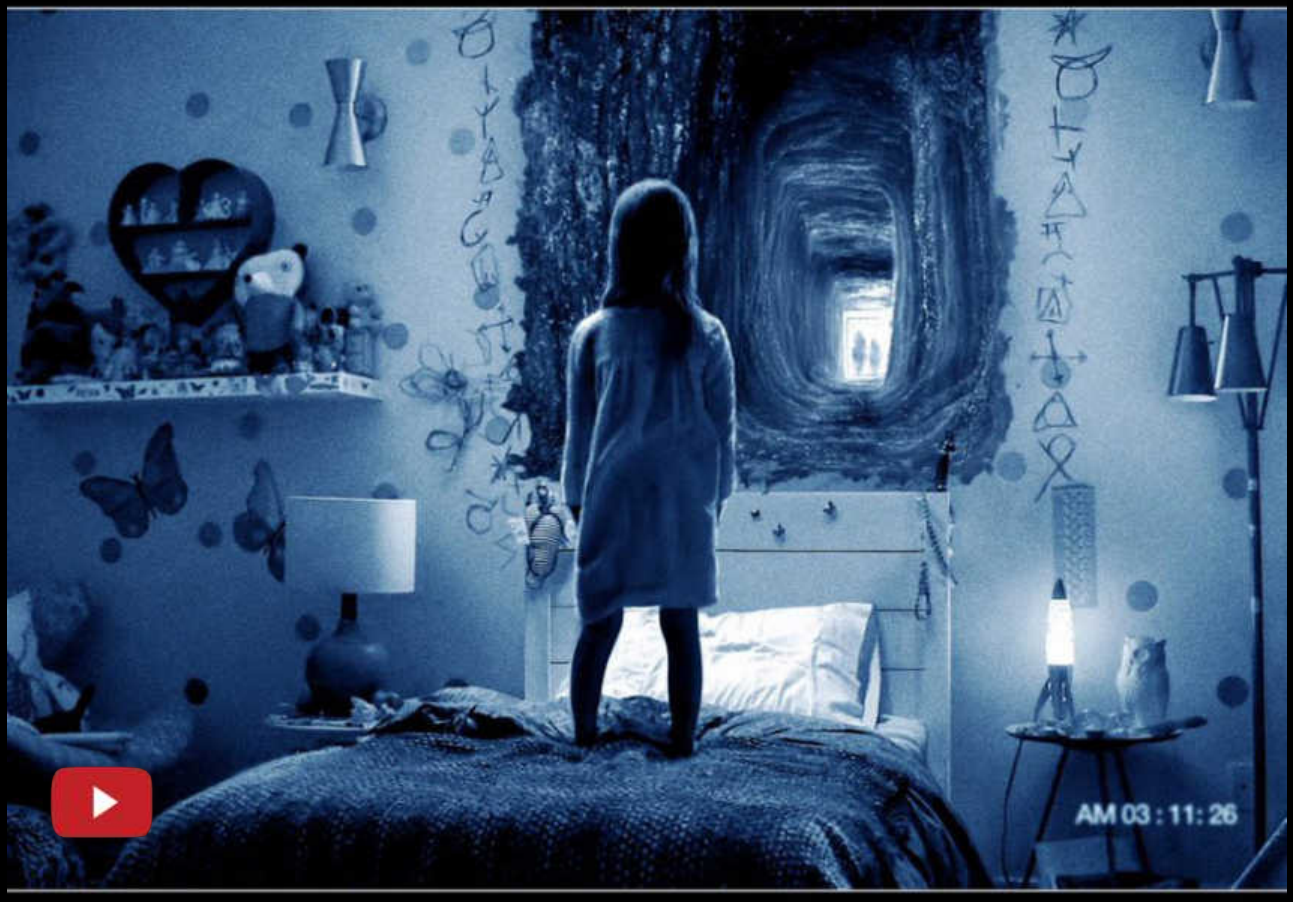
Another thing that really shocked me was that he seemed to know about me. He said he had lived in Horseley Fields, close to my home today, that he was well educated and gone to the same school as my grandfather, the Blue Coat School in Stourbridge, which was true.

He also talked of 19 Cleveland Street and that Kate Kelly and Annie Crook had worked there and had very big mouths about something. There is a famous Cleveland Street in Wolverhampton, but whether this was a street in London or Wolverhampton was never made clear. He told me that Kate Kelly's family lived in Graisley Green, Wolverhampton, and was a very clever woman who wanted to be very rich one day.

I asked him why he had chosen me to come through to admit that he had been Jack the Ripper. He replied that even someone like Hitler, who he was aware of on the other side, had been allowed to speak the truth through me, and that of all mediums, he believed that a Black Country man like himself would tell it in his words like it was. His final words were, "I am the killer of several women, but today perhaps you would describe me more as a spy or an assassin, a man given a job to do by others and I am truly sorry for the deeds I performed." After Bury left London it seems the murders did come to an end, but he insisted that none of the other Ripper cases had anything to do with him and "were other people's jobs" as he put it.

Was this the real Jack the Ripper, or someone impersonating him? Even to this day I question the information that came through, but here in Haunted magazine, I give you the opportunity to be judge and jury of whether this indeed is a message from the other side from Jack The Ripper - or should I say one of the Rippers - or could it be one of the assassins who did the deeds of others to silence these poor women who lost their live so hideously and horrifyingly all those years ago?

For the first time
you will see
the activity.



PARANORMAL ACTIVITY
THE GHOST DIMENSION

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A BLUMHOUSE/SOLANA FILMS/ROOM 101, INC. PRODUCTION "PARANORMAL ACTIVITY: THE GHOST DIMENSION" EDITED BY MICHEL ALLER
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER STEVEN SCHNEIDER PRODUCED BY JASON BLUM OREN PELI BASED ON THE FILM "PARANORMAL ACTIVITY" BY OREN PELI STORY BY BRANTLEY AUFILL AND JASON HARRY PAGAN & ANDREW DEUTSCHMAN
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I BELIEVE IN
DEVIL' SAYS
HOUSE MOTHE

Remembering GHOSTWATCH With E.O. Higgins



I recall vividly two Hallowe'ens from my youth.

On one occasion, my mother refused to open the front door to some children - actually surly teenagers dressed in bin bags and demanding confectionary with menaces - who clearly knew the house was occupied, since we'd opened the door moments before and dispensed a selection of boiled sweets (probably rescued from down the side of the settee), to the previous group of poorly-attired chancers.

Standing firm against the calls of "trick or treat" – hollered goonily through our letterbox – we waited until it all went quiet. Two minutes later, doing clumsy SAS-style rolls across the hallway, myself and my elder brother proceeded to the front door and edged it open, only to find our front garden cut with reams of toilet paper

Running back into the house to inform my mum of this cruellest of tricks perpetrated against us, she sighed heavily and headed to the front garden. As my brother and I quickly set about wrenching the bog roll from the petunias, Mum mysteriously advised us to "be careful".

Taking notice of this warning, we turned cautiously back to her and observed that she had begun to, very carefully, gather in the paper and roll it into a loose ball. Suddenly aware of the palpable looks of confusion on our faces, she paused, mid-spin. "What?" she said. "We should keep this! It's good quality paper!"
I don't recall what year that was, but I can be a lot more specific about my other



memorable Hallowe'en experience – which took place on 31st October, 1992. BBC1 aired the excellent *Ghostwatch*.

For those of you unaware of the phenomenon that is *Ghostwatch*, I shall try and explain.

Airing on BBC1 post-dinner-time, the show purported to be a scientific look at the paranormal – and, accordingly, used a format familiar to its audience.

There was a studio section, interspersing interviews and live viewer telephone calls, cut with "location" shooting and some investigative journalism. The television personalities were familiar too - there was a range of talent, including Michael Parkinson, Mike "Smitty" Smith, Sarah Greene and Craig. Anyone living in nineties Britain would naturally look at so impressive a line-up and fancy that they were in safe hands. Not so…

After an introduction of Michael Parkinson blandly intoning that haunted houses no longer have 'creaking gates, Gothic towers or shutter windows', we cut to an outside broadcast. Sarah and Craig have been summarily despatched to the Northolt home of Pamela Early and her two young girls, Kim and Suzanne. The house is unusual insofar as it is also occupied by a poltergeist.

Sarah wastes no time in getting to the crux of the matter, and ponders messy rooms and other such hard evidence of poltergeist activity. She also flicks through one of the girl's school copybooks, which contains etchings of the ghost (on which someone in the prop team has drawn a willy on. You guys!).

Outside, Craig (foam-tipped microphone in hand and puffed up like an owl in his NFL-branded finery), pounds the streets talking to a collection of middle-aged women in shell-suits about their own ghostly experiences.

Back in the studio, Parkinson now sits imposingly in his big chair, apparently coordinating these efforts – and recommending that viewers phone in on the telephone number provided if they witness anything spooky – giving the lucky audience the chance to wax spiritual with Mike Smith, who is heading up the call centre.



"It's a quality set-up. However, not all is what it seems. For, whilst Parky talks to Sarah and Craig via - an apparently live - video link, the outside scenes had, in fact, been recorded six weeks before."

It's a quality set-up. However, not all is what it seems. For, whilst Parky talks to Sarah and Craig via - an apparently live – video link, the outside scenes had, in fact, been recorded six weeks before.

It's a credit to the scriptwriter, however, that he's managed to perfectly replicate all the boring shite and poor-quality adlibbing that one would expect from a live TV show going slightly askew. For the first forty-five minutes, almost nothing happens at all, adding a greater sense of tedious reality to proceedings. After all, why would anyone pre-record footage of Sarah Greene and Craig Charles titting about talking rubbish? Suddenly things change, Parky interviews Dr Lin Pascoe, a parapsychologist, who has made an in-depth study of the Earlys' predicament and believes that there is definitely a supernatural explanation. Parkinson listens to her spiel with a vague look of hostility…

It cuts to Smitty, who has a 'live one' on the phones – a woman from Slough is demanding to speak with Dr Pascoe about one of the pictures of the girls' bedrooms we saw earlier in the programme. (Hmm, that did seem extraneous at the time!) The caller is adamant that, in the photograph, there is a figure standing in the room. Despite Dr Pascoe's protestations, we see the picture again – and there is, clearly a ghostly figure standing by the curtains. It cuts again to Dr Pascoe as she examines it on a monitor and then cuts back to the picture again – this time there's no one there… (Did we all imagine it? No. They're messing with our minds!)

Now things really begin to cook. A damp patch is discovered in the Earlys' front room, requiring a load of experts to rush in and do experty things, such as prod it and take away samples to a lab. Sarah runs to a French window, apparently freaked out by the sound of some cats fighting. Craig turns up his capering by a good sixty per cent – and leaps out of a closet! It's edge of the seat stuff!

A terrible banging starts upstairs in the house. As Sarah freaks out, Ms. Early shrugs it off – this is, apparently, an everyday occurrence. It sounds quite a lot like central heating problems, which is exactly what has led the family to nickname the ghost "Mr. Pipes".



According to the girls in the house, Mr. Pipes sometimes watches them when they're in bed, but spends most of his time lurking about in the cupboard under the stairs, which has been mysteriously tagged "the glory hole" and been subsequently boarded up. (I dread to think what Pipes is doing under there…)

Since this is a thorough and scientific study of supernatural activity – which should be clear from the fact that Mike Smith is on board – in an attempt to get final, clinching proof of the supernatural there are video cameras mounted in every room of the house. But, just when we think Mr. Pipes is unwilling to play ball, the sound of banging suddenly intensifies – and it's coming from the landing outside the girls' bedroom. Spooling back the relevant video tape hoping to see Mr. Pipes, we are in fact shown footage of nothing more than Suzanne Early smacking a metal bar off the boiler.

Parkinson needs to see no more! Instantly disparaging, he lays into Dr Pascoe for her rubbish views on the supernatural (in fairness, he's been building up to it for a while). He concludes that she has been the victim of a hoax perpetrated by the girls. Pascoe splutters



on, explaining that this is perfectly normal. Since, poltergeists often target adolescents, their subjects often try and prove they aren't making it up by faking it. (Clearly, that is a rubbish system.)

Cutting back to the house for Sarah Greene to say her last goodbyes to the studio



audience, it would appear more has gone on. No longer is she boring members of the production crew by pointing out they look like Mike Gatting (cheers, then!), instead she's dodging flying furniture and listening to Suzanne Early spout nursery rhymes in a demonic male voice, whilst cowering behind a chair.

But, ever the professional, Sarah moves the story on, heading out to what she believes to be the source of the troubles – the glory hole!

As assorted furnishings and ornaments crash down around her, Sarah edges towards the hallway, when, suddenly, the picture cuts out…

Back in the studio, the monitors have all gone blank. The telephone connections are dead. Even the clocks have stopped. Parkinson is unruffled. (That's twenty years in the business for you.) But, Dr Pascoe's looking shaky. Not as shaky as Smitty though, who is probably wondering how such a simple task as heading up a telephone call centre could have possibly gone so badly.

After some minutes' anxiety and confusion, suddenly the monitors blink back on again and, though they have no sound, it seems that life has returned to normal in the house. Indeed, everyone seems to be happily ensconced in a game of cards and chatting with members of the TV crew.

Even Smitty can breathe a sigh of relief, as the telephones have started working again. He even relaxes enough to put another call through. This time it's a retired social worker, who claims to have visited the Earlys' house several years ago to see a lodger that used to live there – a man named Raymond Tunstall. Whilst staying in the house, Tunstall apparently went mad and developed paranoid delusions that he was being taken over by an old woman - who was forcing him to wear dresses and hurt people. In order to escape from his tormentor, he hanged himself in the cupboard under the stairs.

Parkinson chuckles at this tall story (the arrogance!), turning to the camera, he starts a *Crimewatch*-style "please don't have nightmares, this is very rare" wrap-up line – only to be interrupted by Dr Pascoe, who has noticed something odd about the video feed from the house. One of pictures that flew off the living room wall earlier in the evening seems to be back in place.

This can only mean one thing – the images they are seeing are not live! So what is happening at the house?

Cutting back, the unconscious bodies of various members of the production team are now being carted out the

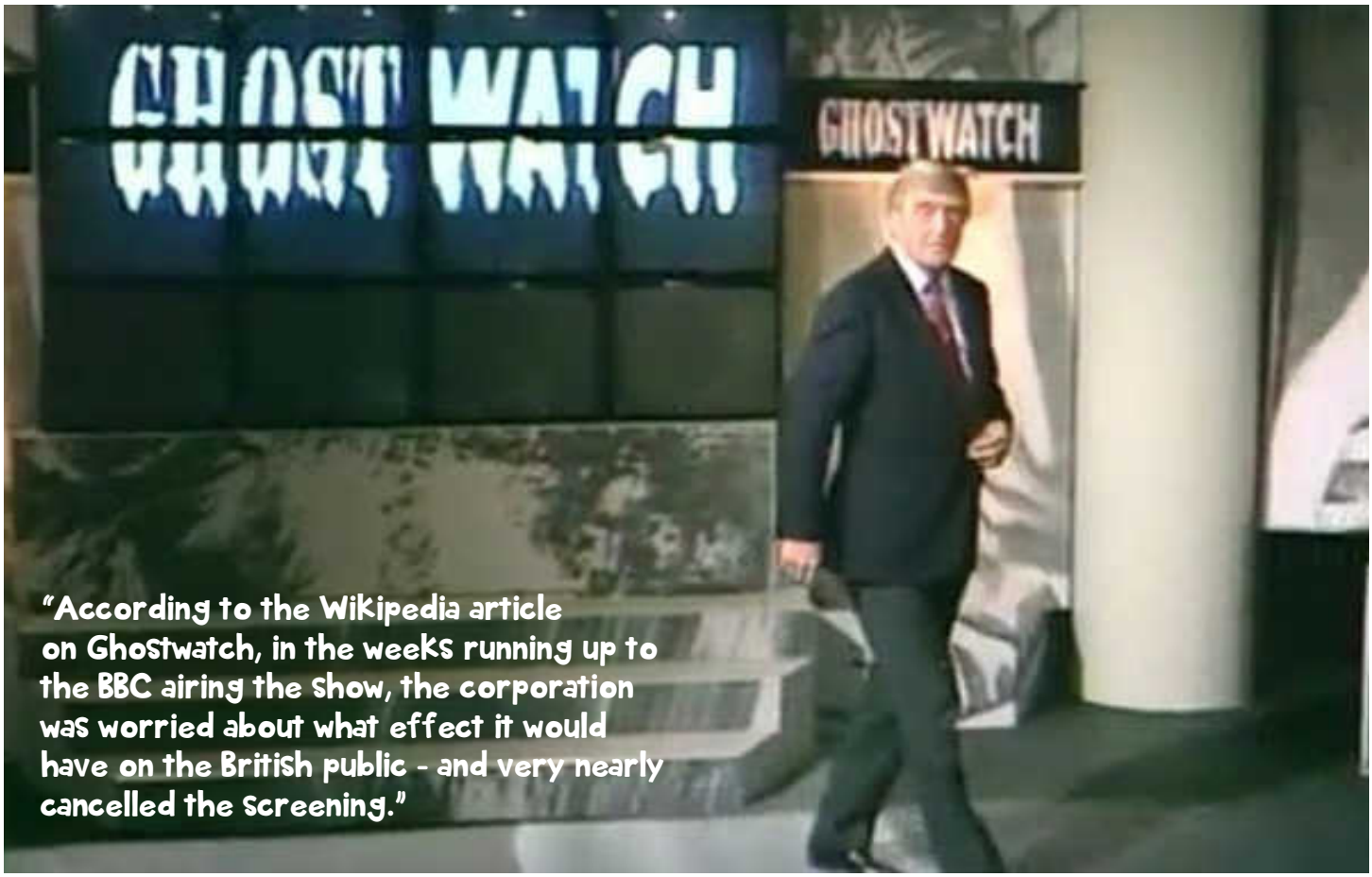


front-door on stretchers. Despite this, another cameraman is despatched to find Sarah, carefully deploying his infrared lens that we were shown at length earlier in the programme. (Hmm, that *did* seem extraneous at the time). Heading back indoors, through a swirling kaleidoscope of night-vision (accompanied with much *Silence of the Lambs*-style heavy breathing), he manages to locate – a now hysterical – Sarah, who immediately pulls away the pieces of wood that had been covering the door to the glory hole.

As the door swings open, the camera captures a split-second vision of Pipes in his dress – before swinging shut again – taking Sarah with it. As her screams ring out, the camera signal breaks up…

Back in the studio, Parkinson is so shocked by the events in the house he has literally sat forward in his chair. The lights suddenly dim, and for a minute the studio is left in shadow. It's enough to cause instant panic with the production crew (they're as superstitious as sailors down at Television Centre) and, especially, Mike Smith who just apparently watched his wife die on prime-time television.

Suddenly, Dr Pascoe realises what is going on – by bringing all those cameras into the house they have started a nationwide séance! (Of course, it's obvious now!) Faced with the awful truth, and fully realising her own part in it,



"According to the Wikipedia article on Ghostwatch, in the weeks running up to the BBC airing the show, the corporation was worried about what effect it would have on the British public - and very nearly cancelled the screening."

she runs from the building – leaving Parkinson to carry on, on his own.

After a moment's gibbering, Parkinson stands up and wanders aimlessly around the studio floor. (Since the cameras are unmanned, the lucky viewer is treated to three minutes of Parky's navy trouser crotch move in and out of focus.) Suddenly the auto-cue turns on again and, almost automatically, he begins to read. But what is he reading? Only Pipes' favourite nursery rhyme! Finally, it's clear: the ghost is in the machine.

According to the Wikipedia article on *Ghostwatch*, in the weeks running up to the BBC airing the show, the corporation was worried about what effect it would have on the British public – and very nearly cancelled the screening.

This seems unlikely, considering you can clearly see Michael Parkinson's face adorning the front page of that week's edition of the *Radio Times*. This would suggest that they were clamouring to get the programme exposure rather than tentatively moving forward with the project.



Whatever the case may be, the show certainly did have an effect. So many people called the telephone hotline that the majority spent hours listening to the engaged tone – thus failing to hear a message pointing out that it wasn't real.

A lot of suggestible viewers (or possibly mad or attention-seeking viewers) actually claimed to experience "supernatural" activity as a result of seeing *Ghostwatch*. Much of this involved what would otherwise seem to be rather common-place phenomenon, such as clocks stopping and movement in curtains, but one inventive viewer actually attacked his wife and then blamed that on the show.

Clearly, in the days before *The Jeremy Kyle Show*, a certain strata of the British public were struggling to find proper outlets.

Still, for those of us interested in the supernatural from a young age (I was a boyish 14 years old in 1992 – and already had loads of books about ghosts and shit) it must be said that *Ghostwatch* delivered.

Sadly, these days "the kids" have nothing – save for repeats of Yvette Fielding and Derek Acorah scrutinising the bits of dust floating around the corridors of stately homes and calling them "orbs"…


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RUSSELL EDWARDS

Russell Edwards is a 48 year old businessman, originally from Birkenhead, who has, after years of dedicated research, produced the definitive evidence to prove the identity of the world's most famous murderer: Jack the Ripper. Russell, who is married with two children and now lives in the south east of England, explains here how a combination of chance, hard work and cutting edge science has finally resolved the 126 year old case:



HAS DNA NAILED JTR?

It is more than seven years now since I went to an auction that changed my life. I bought a shawl: a large, very old, silk shawl, damaged, with pieces missing. I have, over the years, bought houses, cars, antiques, paintings and other valuable items. But the most precious thing I have ever acquired is this ancient piece of fabric. It has not only changed my life, it has changed history: from this shawl we can now, with the help of the very latest scientific techniques, prove, indisputably, the identity of Jack the Ripper, probably the most famous murderer in the annals of crime.

It was in 1888 that the Ripper's reign of terror gripped the East End of London. In just a few brief months, he savagely murdered five prostitutes (possibly more) and, despite massive efforts by the police and public, evaded capture, escaping through the dingy streets, spawning the mystery that has fuelled a whole slew of books, films and television programmes. His victims were all unfortunate women, struggling to survive in dire poverty, most of them selling their bodies to earn enough money to pay for a bed for a night in a doss house.

Today, the crimes exert almost as powerful a grip on the public imagination as they did then. Go to the East End of London on any evening of the year, regardless of weather, and you will encounter small bands of tourists and enthusiasts being guided around the sights of the Ripper's crimes. There are Ripper tours in many different languages, and there never seems to be a shortage of visitors wanting to hear the stories of the vicious crimes, and marvel at the way they have remained unsolved.

There have been countless theories, many of them outlandish, and none of them verifiable. A member of the Royal family, a Royal physician, a famous artist, and many more names have been thrown into the hat, alongside the list of suspects that the police who were involved with the case at the time compiled. Over the years, many criminologists have puzzled over the facts. There is a whole community of 'ripperologists', people who share information on the net and devote their spare time to studying in minute detail the known facts of the case.

Nowadays, much of the East End has been gentrified. There are wine bars and smart pavement cafes, art galleries, expensive shops. During the day there is a constant background noise of building work as old houses are renovated and skyscrapers rise on derelict land. In the evenings smartly dressed men and pretty girls overflow from the pubs and bars, their mobile phones plugged to their ears. But much of the old East End remains, if you look for it.



My interest in the case was triggered when I went, with my wife Sally, to our local cinema to see *From Hell*, the Johnny Depp film about the Jack the Ripper killings. It was pure chance: if there had been something else on the bill that evening, I might never have solved the Ripper case.

I started reading everything I could find, and visiting the National Archives in Kew to view as much of the original paperwork as still exists. I was convinced that there had to be something, somewhere, that had been missed, and which would provide the key to unlocking the case.

Researching the Ripper became my hobby, an escape from the stresses of a busy career and family life. But after six years I felt I had exhausted all new avenues, and had just about reached the conclusion that the case was, indeed, unsolvable.

It was at this point, in 2007, that a friend sent me a text alerting me to a newspaper article about a shawl connected to the Ripper case coming up for sale. According to the owner of the shawl, it had been in his family's possession since the murder of Catherine Eddowes, one of the victims. His ancestor had been a policeman on duty in the East End, and when the body was being escorted by police to the mortuary, he asked a senior officer if he could have the large silk shawl for his wife, who was a dressmaker. In those days, long before DNA testing, the victims' belongings were simply burned, so he was given permission to take it.

His wife reacted in horror to the blood stains, and, amazingly, it was stowed away without being washed. It was handed down the family, more recently spending a few years in the care of the Black Museum at Scotland Yard. It was never on show: there was no proof, other than the family history.

So when it came up for auction most experts dismissed it. But in researching it, I had hit upon something which was another massive moment on my quest to identify the Ripper. According to the descriptions of Catherine Eddowes' possessions, one item of her clothing was described as being patterned with Michaelmas daisies, the same pattern that covers the ends and borders of the shawl. I am a keen gardener, and I knew what Michaelmas daisies are as soon as I saw a picture of them, but I had never known their name. I had to look up Michaelmas: it is today an archaic term, but in Victorian times it was very familiar, as a quarter day when rents and debts fell due.

When I checked it out I discovered there are two dates for it: one in the western Christian church and the other in the Eastern Orthodox Church. As I looked at the dates something hit me. I checked it again and again. The two dates coincided precisely with the nights of the last two murder dates: one the date of the murder, on the same night, of two women, Elizabeth Stride and Catherine Eddowes (where the shawl, if it was genuine, was found), and the other the date of the final and most horrifying of the Ripper murders, of Mary Jane Kelly. It seemed, at last, that I had hit on something that nobody else had noticed.



Before deciding to buy it, I rang the police officer in charge of the Black Museum to discuss its authenticity. He told me that the police had always known the identity of the killer. He named a Polish Jew, Aaron Kosminski, who had fled to London with his family, escaping the Russian pogroms, a few years before the murders (and who would have been aware of the two different Michaelmas dates). The police at the time did not have enough evidence to convict Kosminski, despite a good identification by a witness, but had kept him under round the clock surveillance until eventually he was confined to a mental asylum for the rest of his life.

This information was not new: Kosminski was always one of the list of credible suspects, and had been named, either obliquely or directly, by senior policemen involved in the investigation. I was now convinced the shawl was genuine and I was jubilant when I succeeded in buying it, complete with a letter of provenance about its history.

The shawl was still heavily stained with what, I presumed, was the victim's blood. I felt sure that modern science would be able to produce real, tangible evidence from these stains. After a couple of false starts, I found a scientist at Liverpool John Moores University, Dr Jari Louhelainen, Senior Lecturer in Molecular Biology, with two major lines of research: forensic genetics and medical/ mammalian genetics. Jari soon because my great ally in the quest to identify and definitively name the Ripper.

The first tests he carried out, using special photographic analysis under different lighting conditions, were to establish what the stains on the shawl were. I left the shawl with him for the day, the first of many trips to Liverpool with my precious possession. The first breakthrough was when he told me that the dark stains on the shawl were not just blood, but were 'consistent with arterial blood spatter caused by slashing.' I was excited: the attack on Catherine Eddowes would certainly have caused this kind of blood distribution.

To my surprise and further excitement, Jari had found another stain which fluoresced under his lighting like seminal fluid. Although this first look was not conclusive, it seemed we had found semen on the shawl which could lead us to one person: the Ripper himself. This was far more than I had hoped for when I first bought the shawl, when all I wanted was to establish that it was genuine and had been at the scene of the crime.

There was another great bonus when Jari found evidence of split body parts. One of Catherine Eddowes' kidneys was removed by her murderer (and later in his research Jari was able to isolate a cell which looks very like a kidney cell, although we have not carried out the final analysis on it yet.)

Work then began on the DNA of the blood stains. Because of the age of the sample it was not possible to identify genomic DNA, but mitochondrial DNA (which is passed from mother to daughter downwards) survives much better, and is unchanged through the generations. To make a comparison, I had to trace a direct descendant, down the female line, of Catherine Eddowes.

At first my research stalled, but eventually I traced a charming young woman. Karen Miller, whose family tree led right back to Catherine, and she agreed to give me a sample of her DNA.

The next months involved a lot of very complicated and nail biting scientific research, following the different strands of the quest. There were incredible highs: I will never forget the moment when Jari told me that an expert colleague of his had isolated DNA from epithelial cells within the semen stains. As a layman, I was enthusiastic about every new step we took, but Jari the scientist remained impartial, testing and retesting to satisfy himself, and never allowing his imagination to run ahead of the results (as mine tended to do at times.)

While we waited for other results we set out to establish the age of the shawl. If it had proved to be made after 1888 (with, for example, synthetic dyes), the whole thing would obviously have been a false trail. A combination of work done by Jari and a colleague of his, using nuclear magnetic resonance, and research by me into the traditions of silk shawls, led me from my first assumption that the silk was made by the Huguenot silk weavers who lived in the East End, to Russia (Poland was part of Russia at the time). We concluded that the shawl almost certainly originated in the 1820s, most likely from a famous Russian shawl factory, Pavlovsky Posad.



I also realised it must have been left at the scene of the crime by the Ripper himself: it was an expensive silk shawl, and Catherine Eddowes was grindingly poor, pawning shoes to survive. She would never have owned a garment like it, especially as some of the dye in it was water soluble, and would have washed out in the rain (two days before her death Catherine had walked back in the rain from the hop fields of Kent to London.)

The next eureka moment was when I heard the results of the DNA comparison of Catherine Eddowes and her descendant, Karen Miller. Jari told me that there was a perfect match on one of the tests. Even more significantly he reported that Karen's DNA has a rare variation known as global private mutation, which only occurs in one in every 290,000 people in the worldwide population. Measured against London's population in 1888, this variation would only have occurred in about fifteen people other than Catherine Eddowes. We now knew that the shawl was genuine, and it was at the scene of the crime back on 30th September 1888. On its own, this made it the single most important artefact in Ripper history: nothing else has ever been linked scientifically to the scene of any of the crimes.

Now we moved on to the most exciting part of the research, identifying the Ripper himself. Accepting the information I had been given by the curator of the Black Museum, and which was corroborated in other research, I decided to concentrate on Aaron Kosminski. I researched what information is available about his family and his internment in two different mental asylums after the killing spree. There was no guarantee that he was the Ripper, but my instincts, coupled with the police evidence, told me he was the prime suspect, and, certainly the man to be the focus of my investigation.

Kosminski had moved to the East End a few years before the murders and was 23 when Catherine Eddowes was killed and mutilated. The youngest of seven, he had two older brothers and a sister, all married with children, and was living with them in Greenfield Street, just two hundred yards from where the third victim, Elizabeth Stride, had been murdered less than an hour earlier. He himself had no descendants, but even if he had, he would not have passed on his mitochondrial DNA, as it goes down the female line. I knew where he was buried, but exhuming his body to access his DNA was not going to be easy, or even possible. But then Jari told me that one of his sisters would have passed on, through her female offspring, the same strand of mtDNA, and so the search was on for another descendant.

Again, there were false starts, and good leads that led to stonewalls. It was very tricky: it is one thing to approach someone to tell them they are descended from a Ripper victim, quite another to tell them they are more than likely descended from the Ripper himself.

Eventually I was, once again, lucky. The young woman I traced with the help of genealogists had heard family stories about the possible connection, and, after intelligently interrogating me about the evidence, she was willing to give a sample of her DNA for us to make the comparison.

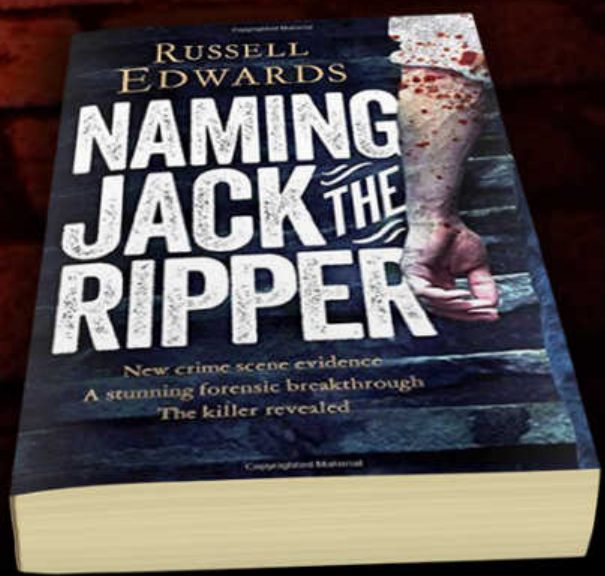
What followed was an incredible scientific odyssey, using cutting edge technology including laser capture microdissection, polymerase chain reaction, and whole genome amplification (which we literally would not have been able to do five years earlier, the technique was so new.) For Jari there were long evenings in the lab, for me sleepless nights waiting for results. There were disasters including lost vials of cells and the seal of a package damaged in transit to Germany for DNA sequencing. That we completed the quest is down to generous help from other scientists, endless support from Jari, and, from me, a determination never to give in. Finally, the isolated and amplified DNA from the shawl was compared with the descendant's, and, once again, we had a match, seven years after I had bought the shawl.

As an extra bonus, a different analysis has shown that the Ripper's DNA has Jewish and Russian ethnicity- yet another confirmation that we have the right man.

At last, science has definitively answered the biggest mystery in criminal history. Jack the Ripper *was* Aaron Kosminski. And I, to my own great amazement, have nailed him.

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JOHN BOWEN’S

THE STEAL

“I’ll speak with candour, Mr Smith, I don’t have very much time left. This body is not only old, it is sick. I have several extremely aggressive and malignant tumours on my spine, and the cancer has more recently spread to my liver and pancreas. You face a dead man,” wheezed Mortcombe, “who desires just one last thing before nature takes its course.”

Lucas perched on the wall, poised, hoping Giles was right. Using the make and specification of the motion-detecting cameras, he had computer-modelled the area they covered. In doing so he had discovered a thirty metre stretch of the right-hand wing of the property which suffered from a short window of blindness, once every twelve minutes. When the camera below him reached the zenith of its arc, Lucas dropped to the pristinely manicured lawn and sprinted to the next blind spot beneath the pergola.

The mansion lay in a vast expanse of rural beauty, which at 3 a.m. was as dark as the devil’s basement—to the naked eye. Through Lucas’s night-vision goggles, however, it was as bright as day, if you didn’t mind your days cast in the gritty grey-green of night-vision. Above, the sky was cloudless, the low-light amplification punching up the stars, causing them to burn white, like salt shaken onto black velvet.

Hugging the mansion’s outer wall, Lucas crept forward. Twenty metres on lay the spot they had identified as the most vulnerable to forced entry. The target lay below ground level: a vault, twenty square metres of expensive, steel-walled, highly secure, electronically protected secrecy, accessible via the study.

Lucas and Mortcombe were the sole occupants of The Ship in a Bottle’s back room—affectionately called “The Broken Bottle” by its regular patrons. The pub sat on the corner of a less than salubrious street in east London and while the décor wasn’t up to much, mostly tables darkened with wood-stain and decades of spilt beer, and the landlord’s collection of boxing trophies behind the bar, it afforded Lucas exactly the type of privacy he required.

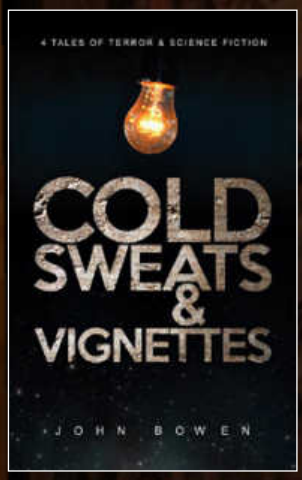
Although none of the trophies sported a date from the present or previous decade, the landlord was still more than capable of beating any unwise and unruly patron to raspberry jam. He looked the part too: original gangster, and not of the Ice T variety. Pure London East End. Lucas paid him well for use of the room, sometimes in money, sometimes services rendered. He would keep his mouth shut and the curious away. Lucas entered through the back door, his clients through the side, ensuring they would never be seen together, not once.

Lucas studied Rupert Mortcombe for a spell, and found nothing to give him reason to doubt what he’d just been told. He reckoned he had seen cartons of milk with more optimistic expiry dates than the ghoul facing him across the table.

Mortcombe looked terrible, frail as a politician’s promise and old enough for his first childhood pet to have been a trilobite. The motorised wheelchair he occupied had a tank of oxygen strapped to it, the contents of which were carried to his nose through a thin translucent tube which forked like a snake’s tongue at the end. It was Mortcombe’s eyes which

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Taken from John Bowen's 'COLD SWEATS &VIGNETTES'

completed the picture of decaying corruption, though. Whether due to accident or birth defect, the pupil of his left eye was blown, permanently dilated, causing it to appear much darker than his right. Lucas was reminded of David Bowie. Perhaps this was what Bowie might look like, in a century or two…

Lucas got down to business. "You want me to acquire something for you."

It wasn't a question. This is was what he did. He obtained things which were often otherwise unobtainable, usually because they weren't for sale. He was a thief, a bloody good one. A true cat burglar, if such a thing existed outside of fiction.

"Yes," Mortcombe croaked. Clearly, just speaking was a struggle. "I'm prepared to pay very handsomely. The item resides in a vault, the security is world class."

"I see," Lucas said. "Well fortunately for you, Mr Mortcombe, so am I."

Lucas set the micro-drill to the screw heads. In seconds he was prising the access panel free and setting it against the wall. The root security interface lay before him. He removed the black box from his pocket, connected it to the interface. Every system had its holes, this one's was small but fatal. Once the black box had run Giles's algorithm the vault would still appear to be armed, but would in truth be Lucas's to wander through at leisure.

He waited, the black box's display abruptly jittered with strings of code before terminating in a jpeg of a large-chested bikini-clad blonde giving a thumbs up. Lucas smiled. Giles might be walking talking chick repellent, unlikely to get inside even the least choosy woman's knickers, but by god when it came to security systems he was a grade A charmer. Then again, he should be, given what he charged for his expertise.

Lucas fixed the panel back in place and slipped back out into the hallway. The study and the vault below it awaited him. Declawed.

The security operative who was supposed to be on shift, keeping watch over the property tonight, a Mr Graham Thatch, was going to be late. On his way to work his phone had received pictures of his partner engaging in some very athletic lovemaking with a man who was most definitely not him. The photoshopped images were incredibly well executed, utterly convincing. As Giles and Lucas expected, Thatch had called in to say he was going to be at little late, he had an emergency of a personal nature to attend to. This had all been confirmed through the use of a cloned copy of his phone, obtained some weeks previously. Perhaps thirty minutes from now Thatch's cover would arrive, but by then Lucas would be long gone and no one would be any the wiser, until the next time the collector visited his vault.

"The thing I desire means more to its owner than anything," Mortcombe wheezed from his chair. "It is without doubt his most valuable and irreplaceable possession. Would you find that a problem, morally speaking?"

Lucas would not. His morals were remarkably flexible, nevertheless he went through the pretence of considering Mortcombe's question, for appearance's sake. In truth, his stance was simple: He was a thief. As he saw it, things were just things. Save for air, food

JOHN BOWEN'S

THE STEAL

and water, he could imagine nothing one man could take which another could not honestly live without.

"No, Mr Mortcombe. That won't be a problem."

Two walls of the study featured bookcases which stretched from floor to ceiling. Both held books, but one also concealed a secret. Lucas walked over and ran his fingertips around each shelf. He located the catch in short order, pressed it, heard a pleasing click and pushed the bookcase to the left. It slid neatly into the wall cavity, exposing a squat door, replete with biometric handprint and retinal scanners, which thanks to Giles would now accept any hand, even gloved, and any eyeball it encountered.

Lucas offered up both. There was the briefest pause as something deep in the wall made a rapid series of clunks before the vault door swung open.

Mortcombe told Lucas what he wanted. Another 'collector' possessed an item he had long desired. Lucas had done some digging on Mortcombe, made a few educated guesses and suspected as much. His type was secretive, but Lucas had accumulated good sources over the years. Someone always knew something.

He had learnt about men like Mortcombe almost a decade ago. A German shipping magnate had been the first of these secret collectors to secure his talents. The Kraut nursed a colossal hard-on for Caravaggio, and had sought Lucas out to steal a piece from another collector, a painting called *Nativity with St Francis and St Lawrence*, which had itself been stolen to order in 1969 and not seen since. The Kraut already owned a modest collection of 'lost' works, mostly early nineteenth century thefts or pieces acquired by the Nazis during the war, but contentment is not in the nature of wealthy men. His collection was a work in progress. Someone had what he could not bear not having himself. It was that simple.

The German made pains to stress theft between collectors was rare; his ilk maintained the pretence of adhering to a kind of code of honour, an unspoken truce.

The truce was necessary because many such collectors often knew what others owned, usually because they had seen their peers' collections first hand. A naïve person might ask why, but Lucas didn't need telling. The only thing more gratifying than owning the right ear of the Colossus which once stood astride Rhodes harbour, for instance, a chunk of one of the honest-to-goodness lost Seven Wonders of the World, was showing it off to and taking pleasure in the envy of someone who did not. The inevitable result was occasionally, as with the Kraut, one or two couldn't resist seeking an item for his own. Rare, but it happened. Lucas had on a number of occasions made it happen.

After the Kraut, Lucas had gotten curious and researched the whole area of long-stolen, lost or mythical treasures and artworks. Further clients presented themselves. As gigs went, they were close to perfect. He was stealing things which often weren't supposed to even still exist off people who weren't supposed to have them, for other people who weren't supposed to have them either. The benefits were obvious. No one could cry foul and call the law, no one could talk, and given the profile of the men you were dealing with the rewards were never less than considerable.

Items in demand were commonly works of art, items of great historical significance, and religious relics considered destroyed or lost forever. It was always the same deal too: steal just one particular item, leave everything else untouched. Lucas knew better than to take a little something for himself anyway. To do so was not just pointless, but dangerous. While all the items in these collectors' stashes were ostensibly priceless, in reality they were worth only what you could fence them for. A task which would be extremely difficult, and likely suicide. Selling meant telling.

The individuals among these collectors were some of the wealthiest men on the planet; piss one off and they had the contacts and means to secure the services of the finest assassins in the world for what amounted to, for them, loose change. Really upset one, and no one would even know you were gone, you'd have long since vanished, been dissolved in acid and poured down some drain, fed though a wood-chipper into some secluded, fast flowing river… Lucas was uniquely vulnerable too. Technically 'Lucas Smith' didn't exist, and the man he used to be had died years ago. Lucas Smith existed nowhere but on fake documents and hacked computer files. He ultimately planned to retire under yet another identity, one with a number of offshore bank accounts, and live out his autumn and winter years somewhere warm and as close to paradise as the wealth he had amassed afforded.

These collectors and their jobs had provided Lucas some amazing sights, though. One actually had his collection arranged inside the lost Charlottenburg Palace Amber Room, another had two of the eight missing Faberge

eggs of the House of Romanov. Some collections, however, comprised stranger stuff. One collector had a case which held the mummified corpse of what looked very much like a Yeti. Another owned not one but two Mengele lampshades, made from real human skin, and creepier stuff besides, occult stuff, things any sane person would never admit to owning. These types of collectors were rare, but they existed and it seemed the creepy old fossil sitting before him was one of them, and it seemed another collector of occult artefacts had something he wanted. An ancient treasure. The object of Mortcombe's passion.

"It's Egyptian," the old man explained. "A human heart crafted from the bones of a high priest, ancient and priceless. I've known of its existence for nearly thirty years, and have yearned to call it my own every second since. If I could do just this before I die… To have it, hold it… It is truly beyond comp—" Mortcombe broke into a cough. He raised a bony hand to his mouth while his thin chest rattled and a thin flush of colour reached his pale, thread-vein broken cheeks. For a moment, death almost felt like it was in the room. Hell, in the room? It was practically giving the old fart a lap dance.

At last Mortcombe recovered his composure, his breathing once more settling to a wheezing, phlegmy crackle.

"Excuse me," he apologised, recovering his theme. "The bone heart is beyond compare. Once I hold it, call it my own, I'll be done. This rotten and failing excuse for a body can expire with my blessing."

Lucas nodded, thinking, *Crazy old bastard*. No, he corrected himself, crazy-*rich* old bastard.

"You should know that my fee for a job like this starts here." Lucas took out his phone, pulled up the notepad and tapped two figures into it. Each was several digits in length. The first was his advance; the second equally large figure was the exchange payment. Both were triple what he would normally have asked, but he knew a seller's market when he encountered one. And like they said, it's not like you can take it with you, right? If whoever was set to inherit Mortcombe's estate saw a little less, what did Lucas care?

Lucas flipped the screen to face Mortcombe, who met the figure without batting an eyelid. "You understand this may scale, depending on what's required?" Lucas added, fearing even at triple he had inadvertently lowballed.

Mortcombe fixed him with his rheumy gaze, the left eye's blown pupil like a borehole to oblivion; Lucas saw hunger. The kind of obsessive desire which was immensely lucrative to a man with his particular skillset.

"Money is no object," Mortcombe rasped.

"Then we have a deal, Mr Mortcombe."

Lucas pulled a card from his jacket pocket; it carried the details of an offshore bank account. "My advance needs to reach here in 48 hours, at which point I'll commence work. I'll require the remainder of my fee upon acquisition. I'll notify you, and deliver the item on confirmation."

Mortcombe nodded. "A word of warning…" he said. "I would refrain from touching anything in this man's collection. Whatever your personal beliefs, the occult, black magic is very real, and dangerous. You understand?"

Lucas met Mortcombe's sickly stare, that messed-up left eye. When an insanely wealthy man whose money you wanted said something, you did one thing: You agreed with him.

"I do."

The vault hummed like a steel hive; dehumidifiers, thought Lucas. Not in itself surprising. The last thing you wanted was your priceless stolen treasures damaged due to something as simple as moisture, but these seemed louder than he would have expected. As he stepped forward the lights blinked to life, revealing its interior. The vault was lined with a uniform carbon-grey material with a rippled texture. Lucas placed a hand on the material, which gave slightly under his touch. It was dense, spongy: sound-proofing was Lucas's guess. No point having a secret vault if someone might hear you tramping around inside. Although maybe the primary goal was to smother the aggressive noise of the dehumidifiers.

Given what he had been commissioned to steal he shouldn't have been surprised at what he saw, but there was some *seriously* odd stuff on display. Lucas saw what he was after directly ahead. It was clearly the collector's prize possession; his other secret treasures lay on either side, essentially forming a path to it.

Lucas advanced, eyeing the objects and artefacts and the accompanying plaques beneath as he passed.

A jet-black skull perched on a dais. The description read, 'Gobel Babelin, Würzburg Witch Trials, 1626'.

JOHN BOWEN'S

THE STEAL

A ragged-looking thick leather-bound book sat on a pedestal tied closed with what looked like human hair. Its plaque simply read, 'The Mephisto Arcane'.

A curious doll sat quietly on the next dais, clearly crafted from assorted junk: a scarred zippo lighter for its torso, legs made from rolled up photographs, arms of rolled tin. The head was a crudely string-tied stuffed cloth bulb, with hair glued atop, and buttons for eyes sewn on front. It was flecked with dark brown stains which could only be dried blood. It was labelled, 'Wicca. Dahl'.

On the next dais there was a pitted stone, carved into the shape of an ugly dancing figure in a glass box: 'Imp, Celtic – Cursed'.

Next in line, a wooden Ouija board: 'A. Crowley, 1906'.

Lucas had seen enough. The items were clearly prized possessions, but still just things. Just things. Save for air, food and water? One man could take nothing which another could not honestly live without.

Time to get to it.

He approached the item he was shortly to earn an obscene amount of money for securing. The mummy was seated in a simple wooden chair. Its linen wrappings were remarkably well-preserved, a wonderfully crafted Egyptian death mask covered its desiccated face, an object which itself must have been priceless. Lucas marvelled; it was a fabulous example. As with many Egyptian death masks it featured painted jewellery and thick black eye makeup around the two eye slits, and a faint smile playing upon the delicately worked features. It was not, however, what Lucas had been sent to steal, this item lay in the mummy's two withered arms, palms facing up in its lap. Here was the trinket Mortcombe desired: an intricately carved heart made from human bone.

Lucas marvelled at the craftsmanship. He had seen, and occasionally stolen, many Egyptian works. One client had prized figures worked from clay, bone and ivory, tiny things which begged you to search out a magnifying glass to truly appreciate the detail…

The bone heart in the mummy's hands was to scale, masterfully carved and crafted. Veins were worked from the surface, so pristine they almost looked ready to pulse and thump to life. The seams where the bone had been fashioned together were fine enough to be near invisible. Lucas could appreciate why someone with Mortcombe's tastes would want it. It was ugly and beautiful in equal measure, and to Lucas's knowledge utterly unique.

Well Lucas was about to make the old fart's wishes come true.

He reached for the heart…

Lucas felt the object under his fingertips for the leanest instant, the same instant the mummy's eyes snapped open. Its gaze fastened upon him, rheumy and hard, one pupil blown, a malignant bull's-eye above the gently curling smile of the Egyptian death mask.

The subsequent wrench was swift and violent. The scene before him vanished, was replaced by another.

Lucas peered through the eye slits of the thing suddenly covering his face, smelt his own hot and rotten breath, the crackle of his small and feeble chest… His mind scrambled to make sense of what he saw. A man he faced in the mirror every morning stood before him, looking back. His head was cocked to one side, his expression one of mingled satisfaction and relief.

Lucas tried to move but found his limbs now shackled beneath the robes and linen wrappings which covered him.

The man before him turned, strolled to the vault's entrance and exited through the heavy steel door. It slammed shut behind him, leaving nothing but pitch-black darkness.

In the secret sound-proofed vault Lucas began to scream.

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COMING SOON TO HAUNTED MAGAZINE

THE JOURNALS OF

DR QUENTIN WEIR

AKA DR QUEER

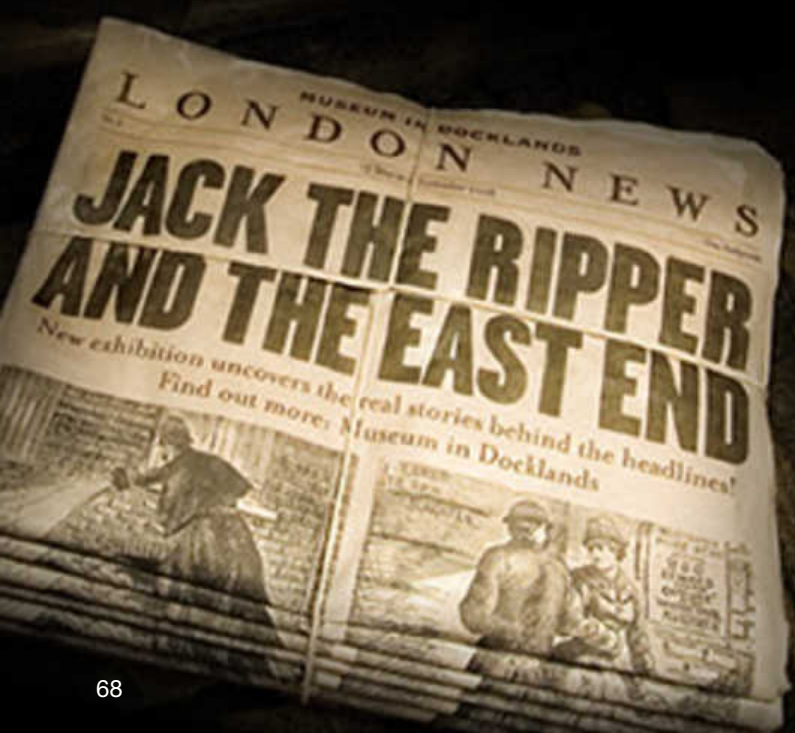


BY BAMBOS GEORGIOU & MYCHAILO KAZYBRID

THE SECRET IDENTITY OF JACK THE RIPPER

BY E.O.HIGGINS

"E O HIGGINS IS AN AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST. HIS FIRST NOVEL CONVERSATIONS WITH SPIRITS WAS PUBLISHED LAST YEAR, BECOMING AN AMAZON BESTSELLER AND BEING SUBSEQUENTLY NOMINATED BY FOR THE GUARDIAN / EDINBURGH LITERARY FESTIVAL'S 'FIRST BOOK AWARD'. IN HIS SPARE TIME, HE OCCASIONALLY PRETENDS TO BE A PSYCHIC MEDIUM CALLED LAARS HEAD."



For as long as I can remember, I have been fascinated by the Victorian period.

When I was about eight years old, my first foray into the world of writing was in producing a small pamphlet on the most notorious crime of that period – the Jack the Ripper killings.

Although, it was a fairly derivative piece; cobbled together, as it was, from two Encyclopaedia entries and then badly-typed up on my mother's Olivetti (my life hasn't really progressed much), it represented something an early obsession for me…

Two nights ago, I attempted to reacquaint myself with the facts of the Ripper case – and, having headed to YouTube, I was not disappointed. For it was there that I stumbled upon perhaps the finest analysis of the 'Autumn of Terror' ever made: The Secret Identity of Jack the Ripper.

Introduced by a heavily-sweating Peter Ustinov, the show was recorded in 1988 – "one hundred years after those terrible events in Whitechapel". Clearly in America. Clearly for an American audience.

Ustinov begins by glowering into the camera, warning the audience that this 'investigation' is not for thrill-seekers, but that it is, in fact, a scientific analysis of the murders – and the murderer. As he makes this point, the frame of the shot opens up to reveal that he is walking across a studio set clearly borrowed from the musical version of A Christmas Carol, but with the street-lamps dimmed and an overworked dry



Watch "The Secret Identity of Jack the Ripper" **here**.

ice machine pumping the 'London particular' across the shiny studio floor.

Leaving the Victorian street-scene behind him, Ustinov mooches across to the other side of the studio, where a bunch of 'crime professionals' are seated around a wooden table, rustling papers and looking serious. They are the Curator of Scotland Yard's Black Museum, a female Judge (Ustinov looks appalled) and two Special Agents with the FBI.

After a thumbnail sketch of the Ripper killings – made all the more terrifying by performances by some of Britain's weakest character actors – and an 'on location' report about the serial-killer by serial-bride Jan Leeming (she's knocked up a tally of five, as well), we are presented with our Ripper suspects:

ROBERT DONSTON STEPHENSON

A journalist and writer interested in the occult and black magic.

Stephenson authored a newspaper article, which claimed that black magic was the motive for the killings and alleged that the Ripper was a Frenchman.

According to the show, Stephenson's landlady was so suspicious of him that she searched his room – only to find a cache of blood-stained cravats. This either proves he was definitely Jack the Ripper – or, at the very least, quite bad at shaving.

MONTAGUE JOHN DRUITT

Druitt was a failed barrister, forced to supplement his income by working as an assistant schoolmaster in Blackheath.

He committed suicide shortly after the last canonical Ripper murder.

It is hinted at during the show that he was also homosexual and suffering from depression, though why either of these traits would serve to strengthen his candidacy as a suspect is perhaps less easy to explain.

DR WILLIAM GULL

Gull was the 'physician-in-ordinary' to Queen Victoria. It is unlikely, therefore, that he spent much time hanging around the squalid East End of London. He was also in his mid-fifties, looked nothing like the contemporary pictures of Jack the Ripper, was never suspected at the time of the murders, and was in failing health – having suffered a stroke two years previously. Let's face it, it wasn't him.

Gull only became a Ripper suspect when Stephen Knight published his spurious account of the murders, Jack the Ripper: The Final Solution, in the 1970s.

The Masonic conspiracy, outlined in the book, has Prince Eddy (Queen Victoria's grandson) being secretly married to the last Ripper victim, Mary Kelly, who was not only a prostitute but also a Catholic. To the staunchly-Protestant Queen, Kelly's Catholicism represented a constitutional emergency (being a prostitute was fine). Gull and his driver, John Netley, were dispatched to the East End to rectify the situation. Only to discover that Kelly had informed four of her friends of the marriage, who also have to be silenced. Gull, being a Mason, finished them off in the style of a Masonic ritual (which may or may not actually exist).

Though this theory is ridiculous, it did lead Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell to create the excellent graphic novel From Hell. So, for that at least, we can be thankful.

PRINCE "EDDY" ALBERT VICTOR

The Royal theories have been bandied around for years.

Although the contemporary eye-witness accounts painted Jack the Ripper as a foreign-looking man with a moustache and deerstalker-type hat, when those same witnesses were interviewed again years later, their accounts had radically changed – he had now become the Ripper that we all know and love, stalking the fog-covered cobbles, wearing a top hat and full evening dress. (Makes sense - if you're going to cut a woman to pieces in a stinking alleyway in the East End, you may as well dress for it).

Prince Eddy is back again, this time he's contracted syphilis and gone mad – killing the prostitutes on his own. Considering he was in Balmoral for one of the murders and Sandringham for two others, this is, again, unlikely to be our man…

AARON KOZMINSKI

Kozminski was a poor Polish Jew who was admitted to Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum in 1891. He was named as a chief suspect by Metropolitan Police Commissioner Melville Macnaghten in an 1894 memorandum.

Macnaghten's claim is that Kozminski was identified as the Ripper but that no prosecution could be made against him because the witness refused to

testify. It turns out as the programme goes along, that Macnaghten may have been somewhat confused, since he refers to the suspect "Kozminski" (first name and any other details omitted) as a violent woman-hating maniac, who was sent to the Asylum in late 1888 but killed himself shortly afterwards.

According to Colney Hatch records, Aaron Kozminski was admitted there, but was actually rather a gentle figure who was confined in the institution mainly for poor dietary habits and a refusal to wash (surely this wasn't that uncommon in the East End in 1888?). Moreover, far from killing himself, Kozminski carried on living at the asylum for a further thirty years…

Back in the studio, we are once more addressed by Ustinov (his shirt is now absolutely sopping), and he's trying to make sense of the largely-contradictory evidence that has been provided.

In London, Jan Leeming is poring over old documents in an attempt to get to the bottom of it all, to little avail.

A pair of television-friendly 'Ripperologists' – in the shape of Martin Fido and Colin Wilson – are wheeled out to provide expert opinion and to lend their support to none of the above. (It makes you wonder how the less TV-friendly ones might look…)

Finally, the action moves back to the American studio, where Ustinov (now pacing around like Poirot working up to the denouement) addresses the criminologist panel again - demanding to know, once and for all, who the mysterious killer was.

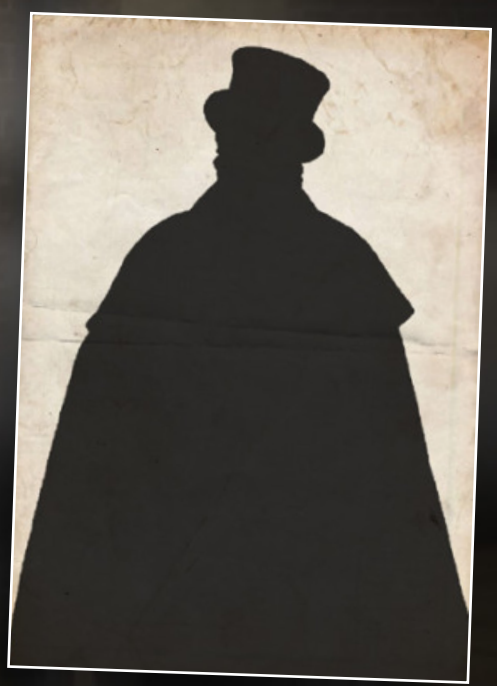
The female Judge (referred to as 'pretty' by Ustinov in an aside that is both patronising and wildly inaccurate in one move) is first. She discounts Gull, Prince Eddy, Stephenson and pretty much everyone else. The Black Museum Curator concurs. This leaves the two FBI agents, who provide a very dry 'psyche-profile' of the murderer – which totally ignores and undermines everything that has been said over the course of the last two hours.

Finally, under clear duress, the panel are forced to make a choice between the five suspects – and all, fairly reluctantly, plump for Kozminski.

"It's unanimous!" chirps Peter Ustinov, turning to the camera. "Good night ladies and gentleman". Looking momentarily away, Ustinov suddenly swings his head back, adding mysteriously: "Oh. And sleep well…"

Grim-faced, Ustinov drifts forward, perhaps entertaining dark thoughts about any rogue thrill-seekers that might have viewed the 'documentary' without heeding his words of caution.

As the credits roll, he crosses back to the mists of the Victorian street-scene – with the unusually-strained gait of a man who has recently soiled his trousers. It is a fitting end to such a show. And it is probably for this, if for no other reason, that The Secret Identity of Jack the Ripper is worth watching.



SHORT STORY

THE UNFORGIVEN

BY R.L. ANDREW

Two days after dying I re-woke for the first time. I bolted to alertness, overwhelmed by a sense of wrong. I'd died, ripped from the human world into the depths of nothing and everything. Refusing to accept the eternal separation, I fought against the force ready to claim me. I clawed away from judgement; I would not accept my fate nor would I pray for forgiveness.

Something took pity on me, though in retrospect took advantage would be more apt. I'd received a second chance. One night changed the status of my physical death, and my soul's destiny. A wavering flame appeared out of an enveloping darkness, growing in intensity until it seared through my tortured being.

Doom and penance formed into a fiery demon, offering a choice that became a distinction without a difference.

Tonight is like all others. The smell of wet dirt and decomposing flesh infiltrate my nose. I shuddered; the stank came from me.

Laying imprisoned in my coffin waiting for my fate to be delivered or released, I recall how bored I'd been in my previous existence. A walking meat bag driven by power, greed and a misguided sense of justice. The only difference between past me and the ones I now eviscerate; the tarnished Detective's badge beside me.

I'd stared down two barrels in the hand of the guy we'd fitted up, At that moment it occurred to me I'd made a grave error. I'd stupidly acted out my own form of vengeance for those that couldn't. No more time to change my ways, to say goodbye to Julie and the kids.What a fool.

My multitude of sins and wrongdoings made uncomfortable bedmates in this dirt prison. I had forever to regret them. I envied the boredom of life now.

My current situation doesn't escape lamentation; its a fate worse than death. Beef jerky life muscle and sinew holds my bones together. Dehydrated patches of skin cover my rotting corpse. Worms wriggle their way through my skull out eroded nose holes. A lipless mouth filled with razor sharp teeth sharp enough to slice through bone as easily as a knife through butter illicit screams from the bravest men.

My dried eyeballs hold supernatural acuity, boring through the human soul, revealing the depths of their depravity. Catching a glimpse of myself in a reflective surface startles even me.

I fight the urge to eat innocent human flesh, rather, I feed on the miscreants, evil, and tormentors. But, fear tastes divine no matter its source.

During the day, this shell stays while the 'me' part disappears, as if I cease to exist. Upon waking, I wait for the magic of midnight. I have until dawn to explore, devour and consume.

I pray each night before release; *please can this be the last night?*





When it is clear my prayer wasn't answered, I tear, rip, slaughter, and bifurcate, bathing in their hot blood.

I question had I lived, would I have eventually become one of them? It immediately occurs to me I already was. Totally absorbed by self importance and power, bubbling away until it consumed me.

Oh please let it be tomorrow night when I don't wake up again, that I am finally free?

The moment of release is imminent. Skin forms covering the bare bones, muscles forming, power pumps through my body. *No freedom tonight.* A crack of moonlight spikes through a hole in the dirt. A roar bellows from deep within, the ground shakes. I allow the change to take over me, transforming my decaying body into a another hideous creature.

I lash my forked tongue side to side, each sense sharpens, heightens. I am ready.

A strong scent of sin and ruin drifts by in the late Summer breeze. I push upwards, the lid separates. I dig to the surface, dirt invades available orifices. I sniff the air to hone the smell: Nigel Parson, 68, Barkeeper, Sex Offender, and Murderer.

A clear sky aides the search. I bound through shadows, creeping around buildings. The urge to feed overwhelms me. The cravings are my downfall. Like a junkie needing their fix, I must have mine to sate unbearable pain.

A middle aged balding man leaves a bar via the back door. His large gut hangs over jeans, and a Hawaiian shirt hugs the bulging body for dear life. He approaches a blue Ford, keys fumble in chunky fingers.

My wretched body sings, vibrating in the electric air. I absorb the darkness, allowing its warmth to envelope me. I wait until he opens the car door. *Be patient.*

It's all I can do to stand still, but, surprise adds a delicious flavour. One, two three, I pounce plunging my claws into his back. I fill his mouth with my tail, silencing any impending screams. Claws imbedded, I pull him closer. With a slurp, crack and squish, I remove the left arm. He struggles. I must taste him now.

The left arm tears off, blood sprays from the open site. I fling it into the air. The struggling stops. He falls against me, breathing shallow. It makes the rest not as fun, but I still savour each moment.

My teeth chomp into his warm neck. I tear chunks of sweet flesh. They slip like ice cream down my ready throat. I barely swallow, sucking the head and neck dry, letting the red fluid run down my chin onto my chest. It cools my hot skin.

I toss the head onto a nearby car. It hits with a thud, and falls to the ground. I consider making it a bowling ball and rolling over trash cans just for the hell of it.

My attention returns to what remains. I watch for the evil worm that any second now will attempt to escape, seeking another chance to live. They are always there, feeding off the evil within.

It's tentacles creep forward. I thrust my hand into the neck cavity, grasp the creature and pull with unholy might.

It struggles, screeching at me. Ignoring its attempts to wound me, I pull until it is within my firm grip. I hold its horrific head between my hands, forcing it to look into my eyes. A righteous heat emits from me. It is almost too much to bare. Seconds pass; it releases. The creature disintegrates into nothing. I am still hungry.

Yearning takes hold, unquenchable desire floods through me.

The back door of the club bangs open. Two couples exit, the men's arms wrapped around women's waists, chattering and laughing. In my day so little clothes would be disgraceful.

I pause, *should devour them too? Does lascivious behaviour constitutes a sin?* I search with relish every inch of their souls; deflated to find nothing to constitute their death. The power still ebbs within me, I'm not satisfied.

This internal fight plagues my pitiful existence, holding me back. e. Neither in life nor death can I control myself.

Initially I'd been appalled at what I became,

THE UNFORGIVEN

but after a few nights of wreaking havoc and chaos, I relented. An irresistible power and power always was the biggest aphrodisiac.

I drop the body and delve into the shadows of a nearby alley. One of the women, a blonde with long legs sees me flee. Her line of sight returns to the spot I left, noticing the body and bloody mess. The screams ricochet through the carpark. I watch the others scatter, leaving the women standing alone. If I had a heart it would be pounding. A flush of guilt invades my mind, but I push it aside.

In my former life I would have considered her beautiful, now its not her desirable form I seek.

I can taste her intense fear from here. I want to grab her, taste her, I want her flesh in my mouth.

No, be strong, or this will be your fate longer. I cannot fight it. The urge is too much.

I rush to her, tail flicking, teeth grinding. She stand frozen in fear. I quicker in anticipation. I inhale deeply. She smells exquisite.

I relent. *She tastes as good as she looks*.

THE END





R.L Andrew is a chronically ill Australian writer. When she isn't posting movie reviews for a leading New York Website (CrypticRock.com), RL is reading both fiction and non-fiction or alternatively doing what she loves most; writing. From the time she was young, RL has been an avid reader, and was introduced at a young age to the works of Edgar Allen Poe, and Stephen King. This was the beginning of a lifelong love of horror. RL takes inspiration for her work from her love of all things strange, weird, and the funny situations in everyday life.

RL continues to read and write crossing a number of genres, but still loves watching a good scary movie. After raising three daughters, RL lives in rural Victoria with her husband and furry son, chocolate Labrador, Max. She is currently editing her first novel, which she deems 'soft' science fiction; A Lunatics Guide to Interplanetary Relationships, and hopes to traditionally publish.

DO YOU HAVE A STORY TO TELL?

Get in touch! Whether it's fact or fiction, if we like it - we'll publish it. Email your stories to **paul@hauntedmagazine.com**

SHE MAKES BLOODY GOOD CAKES!

EMMA'S CAKE SHOP OF HORRORS



INGREDIENTS:

Vanilla Cupcake mix

Available from Sweet Success
205g of egg (Aprox 4 medium Eggs)
175g of Vegetable Oil
130g of water

Buttercream:

1 teaspoon of vanilla bean extract (vanilla flavouring will also work)
500g of lurpac unsalted butter
1kg icing sugar
120g milky bar chocolate

The Blood:

One squeeze of red food colouring gel, I used "Christmas red"
2 capfuls of clear alcohol, I used lime vodka - you can adjust these quantities to personal preference to get the right colour/consistency to suit you

The Syringes:

5ml syringes - these are very cheap from pharmacies
Seedless jam - filing 24 syringes took a full
Size hartleys jam

To start with the cupcakes pre-heat your oven to 160degrees.

In either an electric mixer or hand held whisk add 590g of the cupcake mix and add the eggs to this.

Mix on a medium speed for one min, stop, scrape down the mixer and bowl, then mix for a further 2 minutes.

Slowly add the vegetable oil to avoid splashes for a further minute, then finally slowly add the water.

Mix all for a minute then your batter is done. At this stage feel free to add any extras such as chopped fruit or chocolate chips if desired

Add to cupcake liners and bake for around 15 minutes however keep a close eye on these as cooking times vary depending on the oven.

Once done the cupcakes should be golden and spring back when pressed on the top.

Once completely cool mix up the buttercream.

Melt the chocolate until smooth and allow to cool for around 5 mins to ensure it isn't too warm when being added the butter cream.

Combine the butter, icing sugar and vanilla together in a separate bowl and once a smooth buttercream consistently slowly add the cool melted chocolate until combined

To pipe in swirls in add to a piping bag and use the Wilton 1M nozzle.

Once decorated fill your syringes with the jam and stab into the cupcakes then drop the blood over the cakes with either a teaspoon or brush!

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You Better Watch Out.
KRAMPUS
...Is Coming To Town
This December